

TIME

Suburbia: A Myth Challenged



Inside every new is a little

Just enough to make it easy to switch from IBM to RCA. To let you keep using most of the 360 DOS programs you have now.

Here's how it works. Each family of computers by each manufacturer has its own unique internal language.

Called an "instruction set," it determines how a computer is programmed.

IBM's 360 has a set of 144 instructions. Nestled in amongst all the unique features of RCA's new computers is that same set. Exactly. We're the only other ones on the market that have it.

We planned it that way. Because a little bit of similarity has a lot of value to you.

RCA's 360 Mode of Operation lets you run 360 programs without change, and run them faster.

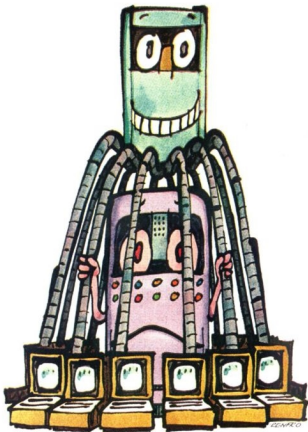
You've spent a lot of time, money and effort building a package of 360 DOS programs. When you switch to RCA, they're not all lost.

Because, based on the parallel between the 360 instruction set and ours, we've created a 360 Mode of Operation.

You can get it with every RCA 2, RCA 3, RCA 6 or RCA 7.

It's a combination of hardware and software that runs most 360/30, 40 and 50 DOS programs without modification. The only difference is they'll be running on a faster, more powerful computer.

So, we haven't just protected your software investment. We've made it worth more.



RCA's exclusive Guaranteed Conversion cuts the risk when you switch.

You will also have some programs you want to convert to RCA programs, to take advantage of the new features your new computer will have.

Again, because the instruction sets are identical, converting to RCA programming is easy.

You can do it yourself. Or you can have us do the whole thing for you.

For 360/30, 40 and 50 DOS users, we'll make the switch and guarantee results.

If you qualify, we'll convert your present applications for an agreed fee by an agreed date.

The guarantee provides for penalty payments by RCA if we don't perform, and appropriate provisions to protect both parties.

360 Mode of Operation. Guaranteed Conversion. It can't be easier than that.

RCA computer bit of IBM.

A little similarity makes switching easy. But it's RCA's big differences that make it right.

Our computers have a lot of things IBM's new computers don't have.

The reason most people have to move to a bigger computer is that their workload outgrows their computer's memory. To get more memory from IBM, you have to go all the way to a processor that's much bigger, more powerful and more expensive than you may need.

RCA found a new way to build lower cost memories with the same proven technology that IBM stayed with in its more expensive 370's—the 155 and 165.

So we can keep prices down, and match memories to processors more sensibly than ever before. So you can afford memories big enough to go with the power you want.

Virtual memory. What's it really worth to you?

Virtual memory makes a computer work as though its memory is unlimited. Which means it's hard to outgrow.

It's also a key to communications. You can run jobs in your computer center, pipe them in from across the country and have people working on time-sharing terminals, all at the same time.

Virtual memory is one of the reasons we reached 2½ times our 1970 forecast for our new computers three weeks after we announced them.

RCA 3 and RCA 7 are the only new computers that have virtual memory. IBM's new computers don't.

IBM unbundled. RCA bundles or unbundles. How much can that save you?

IBM used to give you all the people for the systems support you needed as part of the cost of the computer. No more. Now they charge for it. And it's costing a lot of companies a lot more than they expected.

RCA, on the other hand, is the only major computer maker that lets you choose how you get systems support. Bundled or unbundled. Whichever is better for you.

Another contract exclusive is our Flexible Accrued Equity Plan that can reduce your equipment rentals up to 15% a month. And in 72 months, you own the computer.

All this is part of our plan to give you what you want, not what we want you to take.

Computers with a little bit of IBM included so they're easy to switch to. Computers with exclusive new features to make them the right step up for you. Policies that make them easier to get and more profitable to have.

Easy. That's the key. RCA is easier to do business with.

RCA
COMPUTERS

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BLOCKBUSTER
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DOMINOS Layla
(2 records) Atco LP



43872 SPANKY & OUR
GANG Line
Merch LP, 8 TR, CASS



42778 ALLMAN BROS.
BAND Idlewild South
Atco LP, 8 TR, CASS



66625 LENA & GABOR
Watch What Happens
Budda LP, 8 TR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTER-
FLY Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8 TR, CASS



67511 STEPPENWOLF
7
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



12121 3 CENTURIES
OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8 TR, CASS



66671 RARE EARTH
Ecology
RarEa LP, 8 TR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC John
Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS



67512 EMITT RHODES
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



65784 MELANIE
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8 TR, CASS



38364 CANNED HEAT
Future Blues
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS



38358 VIKI CARR
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS



67510 THREE DOG
NIGHT Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



12286 BUSCHMIES
RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP, 8 TR, CASS



44378 PAUL MAURIAT
Some Is Love
Phili LP, 8 TR, CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDS-
BORO Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS



21537 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Vox LP



38095 BUDDY RICH
Buddy & Soul
WerPa LP, 8 TR, CASS



42745 WOODSTOCK
Soundtrack
(3 records) Cetli LP



38622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8 TR, CASS



66779 MELANIE
Candles In The Rain
Budda LP, 8 TR, CASS



21513 DVORAK
New World Symphony
Vox LP



31787 MAMAS & PAPAS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8 TR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOONS
ORCH. English Muffins
Phili LP, 8 TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA FLACK
Chapter Two
Atlan LP, 8 TR, CASS



33077 JOAN BAEZ
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8 TR, CASS



42769 KING CRIMSON
Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8 TR, CASS



66703 CURTIS MAY-
FIELD Curtis
Curto LP, 8 TR, CASS



39071 5TH DIMENSION
Age of Aquarius
Sauci LP, 8 TR, CASS



38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS



28082 TREASURY OF
GREGORIAN CHANT
Turna LP



44712 MIDNIGHT
COWBOY Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS



38628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Metaw LP, 8 TR, CASS



65775 VERY BEST OF
LOVIN' SPOONFUL
Ramsu LP, 8 TR, CASS



31494 BOOTS
RANDOLPH Boots With
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Monum LP, 8 TR, CASS



39089 5TH DIMENSION
Greatest Hits
Sauci LP, 8 TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &
TEICHER Love Is a
Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8 TR, CASS



21571 CHOPIN
Polonaises
Vox LP



42704 CROSBY STILLS
NASH & YOUNG
Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8 TR, CASS



38373 IKE & TINA
TURNER Working
Together
Liber LP, 8 TR, CASS



48794 BEVERLY SILLS
Sings Mozart &
Strauss
ABC LP, 8 TR, CASS



42758 ARETHA FRANK-
LIN Spirit in the
Dark
Atlan LP, 8 TR, CASS



38635 DIANA ROSS
Everything Is
Metaw LP, 8 TR, CASS



38773 DENNIS YOST
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Golden Greats
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44746 DUKE ELLING-
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CAN YOU ENJOY FROM ALL LABELS—INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES!
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CAN YOU HAVE ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNWANTED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER!
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Anne Murray—Snowbird	Capit	4.98	2.00
Tom Jones—I Who Have Nothing	Parlo	5.98	2.27
The Andy Williams Show	Columbia	5.98	2.27
Judy Collins—Whales & Nightingales	Elek	5.98	2.27
Bob Dylan—New Morning	Columbia	5.98	2.27
Gordon Lightfoot—Sitt Down Young Stranger	Repri	4.98	2.00
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We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

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If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

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Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE Tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling fee). I enclose my \$5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

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Check one: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
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Signature _____

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**This bag contains all the typical trash
produced by an average family of four in a week.
All of it.**

The bag contains about 30 lbs. of trash. Cans, bottles, what have you.

Everything has been compressed, though, in the Whirlpool Trash Masher compactor—a kitchen appliance that compresses your trash to about one-fourth its original size.

Every time you throw away trash, just open the drawer, drop the trash in the bag, close the drawer and push the button. In 60 seconds, whatever you put in that drawer is compacted under 2000 lbs. of force.

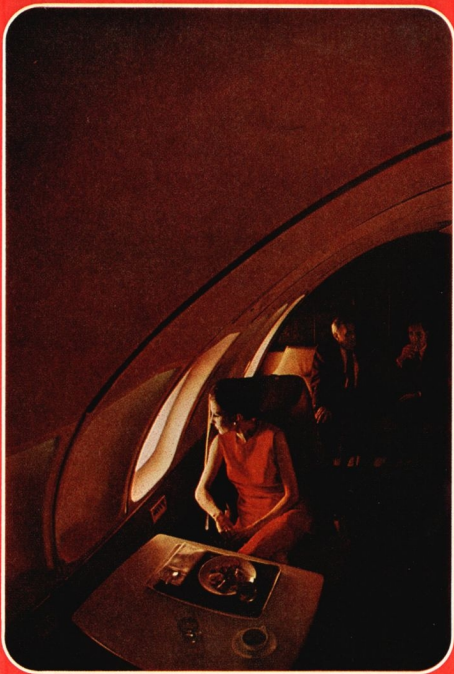
At the end of the week, you just remove the special tear-resistant bag and put it outside for collection.

The Whirlpool Trash Masher compactor: It not only makes household trash a lot easier to handle. But to look at as well.



Whirlpool Trash Masher Compactor





This penthouse takes off and lands
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It can take you to 33 exciting
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Relaxing surroundings.

Spacious comfort. Even a spiral
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Take the MGB's 1798 c.c. twin-carb engine. You know it delivers enough power to make it on the track. And yet it averages up to 25 mpg.

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LETTERS

Cool v. Numb

Sir: Your article should read "The Numbing of America" [Feb. 22]—we are in deep shock. There is nothing cool in either sense of the word about how many of us feel. Anyone with sensitivity will read the silence with terror: suffering people, stricken people do not remain silent for long.

JUDITH KUMM
Arlington, Texas

Sir: America has not cooled. The frustrations of a nonresponsive political body are just beginning to reach a greater depth. In the '60s, it was youth that felt it—its reaction was violence.

Now the Silent Majority is feeling the frustrations, and their reaction seems to be inaction and disbelief.

America has not cooled down—it is seething and searching, but way down deep now, in the area that reporters and journalists don't see. We need gut answers, not a rehash of what the fat-out few are doing about "cooling it." Where do we get them?

(MRS.) VERONICA KUROSKI
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir: The counterculture in throwaway America is not dead, dying or extinct. It is undergoing a rebirth, starting over again from its internal, self-generating life force: a rebirth, going over our history, finding out where we went wrong. New people will arise to solve the problems of the second generation of the revolution. The cosmic lid is back on the pressure cooker.

WILLIAM BEENEEY
Hamilton, N.Y.

Sir: You say: "Americans have the vanity of thinking the U.S. must be either the best country or the worst country."

Without vanity, but with curiosity, I would like to ask, where is there a better one?

(MRS.) JEANNE G. FRAAS
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: The young idealists appear stunned by the realization that despite the sales enthusiasm, their products would not stand close scrutiny under a good light. When the radical left philosophy is lifted out of the illicit bomb factories and away from mob delirium, the blemishes and pimples stand out.

The young will learn that if one preaches philosophical hygienics, one must have clean fingernails.

FRANK POWELL
San Diego

Sir: "The Cooling of America" raised hopes in my expatriate circles. Maybe, we thought, the dawn was breaking or true involvement, for serious discussion, for an end to sloganeering. But there remains this deep dilemma: while the country cools in a political sense, it continues running hot in the sphere of personal safety. We are disheartened by the cold facts that show crime rates climbing up and up, an unstoppable as the worst type of cancer. It is hopeless, hopeless, hopeless!

RAYMOND CARTER
Madrid

Sir: The special section, "The Cooling of America," provides an excellent insight into the mood and thinking of today. It

takes a special talent to look at present-day happenings and give such objective reasoning and analysis. Let us hope that this present feeling is the lull before something good and not just a pause before something bad.

PAUL WATERS
Jefferson City, Mo.

Sir: Things seem to be looking up. You've given me a ray of hope to penetrate my black doubts. Is it that America is approaching a new season?

KAREN RUESTER
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Fighting the Elements

Sir: Your article "The U.S. v. Construction Workers" [Feb. 15] was rather one-sided to say the least. You neglected to take into consideration the fact that construction workers do not have paid vacations; nor do they work when it rains, when it snows, or when it's too cold to pour cement.

My hat is off to these men, who will risk their lives and fight the elements in order to erect buildings so that some fat slob can sit on his rear all day in his plush air-conditioned office and earn a guaranteed 40 hours a week.

HELEN MULRY
Salem, Mass.

Sir: The construction unions' economic stronghold on building in the United States is obviously not going to be moderated by the unions themselves. To overcome union monopolistic powers exerted via their too-well-known restrictions and "torturous apprenticeship training," it is proposed that the states: 1) beef up training programs in the building trades and 2) institute biannual examinations in each trade to certify as competent all who pass such exams. No state-certified man could be excluded from union membership if he elects to join.

G.E. KIDDER SMITH
Manhattan

As Christian as Christians

Sir: Are Christian missions livelier than before? Hardly. The report "Missionaries: Christ for a Changing World" [Feb. 22] is one-sided. While pointing out dramatic increases of Christians in Latin America and in a few parts of Asia, you neglect Japan, where there has been no substantial increase in the past 20 years.

I believe that the missionary era is fast coming to an end. One need not panic, however, unless one still entertains the self-righteous conviction that poor native pagans, who roam in darkness, must be led to the light of Christianity (and of Western civilization).

As far as I know, the pagans are as Christian (or un-Christian) as the Christians in their spirit and behavior.

YO A. KUBO
Philadelphia

Sir: Your remark that conservative Protestant missionaries cling to a conviction that sets them apart from liberal Protestants and most Catholics; the belief that faith in Jesus Christ is necessary for salvation. Then you add: "But their numbers grow while liberal Christians report a decline in missionary recruits as well as membership."

Could it be, by any chance, that the lib-

erals have forgotten, as the conservatives have not, that you can't fight something with nothing?

(THE REV.) FRANCIS CANAVAN, S.J.
Fordham University
The Bronx

Innocent Power

Sir: Concerning Philip Wylie's "Sons and Daughters of Mom" [Feb. 15], I would agree that any man who would propose raising the voting age to 30 is indeed more interesting than I at first thought.

However, it is not the age he quotes that fascinates me, but rather the entire farfetchedness of the idea. Perhaps we should lower the voting age to two and then reclaim even that right at the vulnerable age of twelve—ten years of honest, innocent power combined with a natural enthusiasm for being alive.

JOHN J. RAGER
Ottawa

Sir: Philip Wylie's ability lay in merely bringing the age-old practice of scapegoating back to where it began: "She did it, Lord." In an age grown too complex for analysis, in which it was no longer "so sophisticated" or "intellectual" to blame society's problems upon Jews, Spies, Wops, niggers, Japs, Commies, etc., etc., he was able to cash in on that one essential "bad guy": the creature that dared give birth to the whole mess—mother.

COLETA R. MCNAMARA
Wichita, Kans.

Standing on the Record

Sir: Your article "Allende's Hundred Days" [Feb. 22] omitted the most important of all conclusions: President

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Salvador Allende has acted and is acting within the constitution and the law.

Civil liberties, freedom of speech and movement, and freedom of the press have not been curtailed. President Allende has repeatedly stated that he will act and implement his programs within the constitution and legal system. Standing on his record as an honest politician and senator, respectful of Chile's democratic institutions, President Allende deserves to be believed.

WALTER E. SAHR
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir: Before you begin a "canonization" ritual of "Savior" Allende, please bear in mind that Mussolini, Hitler, Jimenez, Castro and Papa Duvalier all began in the same phony manner. First, treat your subjects with plenty of tender loving care, win their gullible confidence, then slowly but surely apply the inevitable pressures of cruel, totalitarian dictatorship.

KIRBY NIYEE
Millwood, N.Y.

Soldiers and Children

Sir: I was struck by the question of a British soldier in your article on Northern Ireland [Feb. 22], when he asked, after being bombarded with bottles and even bombs by Irish children, "How do you arrest a ten-year-old? How do you hit him back?"

Once we would have said that that would be the typical reaction of most soldiers, and most assuredly of soldiers of the U.S. But no more.

At the trial of William Calley, we hear that the killings at My Lai were justified,

but in our hearts we will always know that there is no justification for killing two-year-olds pointblank, be they ally or enemy.

(MRS.) FLORENCE LESH
New Brighton, Minn.

Shadow and Substance

Sir: Your article, "Welfare: Trying to End the Nightmare" [Feb. 8], is an important contribution to better comprehension of this country's much misunderstood and frequently denounced system of public welfare.

A general failure to appreciate the complexities of this system, I am convinced, is a major roadblock to the President's goal of welfare reform. Your article dramatically portrays the shadow and substance of the many myths that plague welfare recipients and should help lay some of them to rest. It also highlights a number of the difficulties faced by those who administer the present inadequate system at the federal, state and local levels.

We appreciate your contribution to public understanding of the tragedy of the present welfare system and the urgent need for a constructive solution.

ELLIOT RICHARDSON, Secretary
Department of Health, Education
and Welfare
Washington, D.C.

Special Affection

Sir: Like many other interested photographers, I am sure the shock of losing Larry Burrows [Feb. 22] will linger for some time to come. He was an extraordinary person who, in addition to being

an outstanding photographer and journalist, must have had a very special affection for those he photographed, coupled with a distinct awareness of the basic human elements involved in this war.

JON R. MULFORD
Wilmette, Ill.

Sir: I was inspired by Burrows and his photography, by his feelings about the war and the human suffering caused by this most misunderstood conflict in Southeast Asia. He was a man of great dedication and talent. I feel that the only fitting memorial to this fine man is his work, which I hope will be preserved so that other generations can witness the product of man's hate and, if you will, vanity. Burrows was among those who can be called "rare" in their fields.

THOMAS E. NELSON
Indianapolis

Mended Heart

Sir: When I appeared in the earlier version of *Wuthering Heights*, Laurence Olivier's Heathcliff rejected me, and my heart was broken. Now, thanks to the photograph TIME ran with its review of the new *Wuthering Heights* [March 1], my heart is mended. You show Geraldine Fitzgerald's Isabella with Olivier, not Merle Oberon's Cathy, as you identified her in your caption.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD
Manhattan

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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124 Station Wagon



850 Sedan



124 Spider

124 Special 4-Door



BEEN BUYING SMALL CARS MORE FIATS THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

A black and white photograph of three Fiat cars. In the upper left, a Fiat 124 Sport Coupe is shown from a front-three-quarter view. In the upper right, a Fiat 850 Sport Coupe is shown from a front-three-quarter view. In the lower left, a Fiat 850 Spider convertible is shown from a front-three-quarter view. The cars are dark-colored and set against a dark background.

124 Sport Coupe

850 Sport Coupe

850 Spider

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, eight Fiats are sold in Germany.

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All this becomes even more meaningful when you consider that, over there, they have fifty different kinds of cars to choose from.

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Now, if you've been trying to decide between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, the above facts should make your decision easier.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
March 15, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 11

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Trail the Trailers

The U.S. Navy has long been annoyed by the fact that its aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean are being trailed by Soviet cruise missile ships, and with good reason. If war broke out, the Russian vessels could sink the carriers with surface-to-surface missiles before they could launch their aircraft. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations, disclosed last week that he has assigned patrol gunships on a trial basis to trail the ships that trail his ships. The *Asheville*-class craft being tested have only 3-in. guns, which can scarcely harass the Soviet ships, and they ride so poorly that the U.S. crewmen have to strap themselves to their stations with safety belts. Still, the Navy hopes eventually to equip them with surface missiles that could pose a serious threat to the Soviet trailers.

The doomsday scenario, then, would have the Russian trailer getting in just one shot at the 1,000-ft. carrier, presumably not enough to knock it out, before the 450-ft. trailer is attacked by the 164-ft. U.S. patrol craft and must defend itself. The Russians could, of course, assign a smaller boat to trail the U.S. trailer. Eventually a long line of vessels of diminishing size would string out over the Mediterranean. Each would wheel to fire its heavier weapons at the less lethal boat astern. The final casualty might well be a lone U.S. Navy boat, brandishing a .45-cal. revolver as his canoe sinks into the sea.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



AMERICAN WHALING (19TH CENTURY)

Too late the piety.

Deductible Bribes

Anyone who doubts the flexibility, not to say the stupefying broad-mindedness of bureaucracy, should consult the Internal Revenue Service's official taxpayers' guide. The pamphlet advises: "Bribes and kickbacks to nongovernmental officials are deductible unless the individual has been convicted of making the bribe or has entered a plea of guilty or *nolo contendere*."

The interpretation is based on the Tax Reform Act of 1969. Says an IRS expert: "Suppose a guy gets a kickback from an insurance broker for referring customers to him. Unless he's convicted or pleads guilty or *nolo contendere* [no contest], the broker is entitled to a deduction." In other words, the ancient institution of bribery has finally been institutionalized, achieving formal Government recognition.

The Wrath of the Ecologist

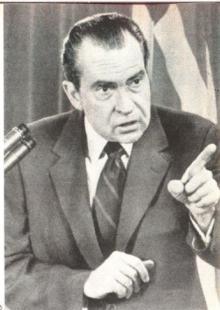
Herman Melville's white whale was a metaphor for something cosmically elusive. But even in 1850, the whale was almost as easy to catch and slaughter as the buffalo or the Indian. Today, by a process of relentless elimination that is anything but allegorical, whales are becoming an embattled species. Ahab's great-grandchildren fire their harpoons from cannons.

Last week the Department of Commerce, prompted by ecologists, decreed that U.S. fishermen may no longer hunt whales. As sometimes happens, it was a gesture of conservationist piety made too late. Only three whaling ships remain in the U.S.; they are operated by the Del Monte Fishing Co. of San Francisco. The firm's manager, Charles Cailto, says that his men took only 109 of the 21,000 whales killed in the North Pacific last year. All the other prosaic Ahab's are Russian or Japanese, who will not be affected by the ban. They must, presumably, await the wrath of their own ecologists.

Good News

Journalists often seem obsessed with the sensational—war protests, riots, burning ghettos, crime, immorality, drugs—all the nation's fractures and cancers. Why is so little ever said or broadcast about quiet progress, small decency, the things that are "right with America?"

The text seems to be taken from Spiro Agnew. Ironically, one of the nation's most effective black leaders has now made the same criticism. In the more incendiary days of black militance,



NIXON AT PRESS CONFERENCE



says the Rev. Jesse Jackson, head of Chicago's Operation Breadbasket, the nation's press was like an electrocardiogram, recording every spasm. Recently Jackson fought unsuccessfully through the courts to win a place on the ballot in a mayoral election against Chicago's Richard Daley. Currently Operation Breadbasket and other black organizations are laboring all over the U.S. to give black Americans an increased measure of economic control of their lives. And journalists, Jackson justly complains, have largely neglected these legal and less flamboyant, but in the long run potentially more significant movements.

Only half humorously, Jackson argues that newspapers, magazines and television should give over at least 11% of their total news coverage to blacks, a figure reflecting the racial proportion in America.

The President Defends a Policy and a Man

THE President had planned to wear his domestic hat last week. He flew to Des Moines to push his revenue-sharing plan and other legislative reforms before receptive audiences: the Iowa state legislature and a group of Midwest Governors. But he was jeered even in Middle America by an improbable combination of hardhat construction workers and youthful war protesters. He could not shake the uncomfortable reminders of the war in Indochina.

The news from Laos was alternately good and bad (see THE WORLD). Although the domestic reaction had produced no new surge of street demonstrations, the first reports of public opinion were disturbing. George Gallup reported that public approval of Richard Nixon's presidency had fallen to 51%, the lowest point so far; only 19%

agreed with Nixon that the Laos drive would shorten the war. Louis Harris discovered that 46% felt that U.S. troop withdrawals from Viet Nam were "too slow." No wonder, then, that when the President returned to Washington, he decided to hold a televised press conference and confine the questions to matters of foreign policy.

Nixon made his major point on the very first question. For much of the day, he said, he had been in trans-Pacific consultation with his Viet Nam commander, General Creighton Abrams, who had told him that the South Vietnamese troops had proved in Laos that they could "hack it" against "the very best units that the North Vietnamese can put into the field." Moreover, Nixon claimed, the disruption of enemy supply lines already "assures even more the success of our troop-withdrawal program." Nixon hinted that in April he may announce an acceleration of the present withdrawal pace of 12,500 men per month. Complaining about "a drumbeat of suggestion . . . night after night on television" that the Laos incursion "isn't going to work," he told newsmen that if he is proved right "what you say now doesn't make any difference."

Invasion Bluff. Yet Nixon did little to assuage the rising number of Americans (the polls now place it at well above a majority) who favor a definite time limit on the presence of U.S. troops in Viet Nam. While repeating that his goal remains "total withdrawal," he also reasserted his insistence that the U.S. must retain a residual force (of unspecified size) until the Communists withdraw all their troops from South Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos and release all U.S. prisoners of war.

Basically, the President argued again that the main purpose of both the Cambodia and Laos operations was to "cut American casualties and to ensure the success of our withdrawal program." (The number of U.S. fatalities did decline after Cambodia, although they have risen again in the Laos action mainly as the result of enemy antiaircraft fire; at the same time, Vietnamese casualties have soared.) Nixon also admitted that the operations in Laos and Cambodia were partially designed "to increase the ability of the South Vietnamese to defend themselves without our help." The two goals of protecting Americans and strengthening the Vietnamese are almost inseparable in Nixon's definition of Vietnamization, in which U.S. withdrawals are dependent on South Viet Nam's expanding capabilities.

A more precise definition of U.S. intentions in Indochina, however, has been sought by the President's critics on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Their frustration at not being able to

get it erupted in a new argument over the Administration's claim to an executive privilege against some kinds of congressional inquiry. Missouri Democrat Stuart Symington raised the issue in a personal way by complaining in a Senate speech that National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger has emerged "as clearly the most powerful man in the Nixon Administration next to the President" but "will not appear before the duly constituted committees of the Congress." He also stated something that nearly all of Washington believes: "Dr. Kissinger, not Secretary of State William Rogers or the State Department, is the primary spokesman on foreign policy."

Candid Advice. At his press conference, Nixon distorted Symington's speech as an "attack upon the Secretary and a cheap shot." He praised Rogers as his "oldest and closest friend in the Cabinet," said that he "participates in every foreign policy decision that is made by the President," and ticked off all the times that Rogers had talked to Senators and Congressmen.

Nixon's defense of Rogers missed the point. It was Kissinger, not Rogers, whom the Senators wished to quizz—and not because they denigrate either man. The issue, Democrat William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, explained in another Senate speech, was that "the people's representatives in Congress are denied direct access not only to the President himself but to the individual who is the principal architect of our war policy in Indochina." The clash over executive privilege is a recurring and complex one. The Senate has a right to review U.S. foreign policy; yet a President needs candid advice from his aides, which he is unlikely to get if each aide knows that he may be publicly grilled on what he tells the President.

The ruckus tended to obscure the real issue. What is actually under attack—and at stake in Laos—is Nixon's whole Indochina policy. The thrust into Laos represents a huge gamble. Yet there has been a growing sense in the White House in recent weeks that perhaps, just perhaps, the U.S. may be able to pull off not only a successful withdrawal from Indochina but some form of victory as well. That victory would be based on the ability of a South Vietnamese government to survive without large-scale U.S. help and, like South Korea after 1954, to hold its own against Communist attempts to overthrow or subvert it. That may be only wishful thinking, but success in Laos is essential if such a victory is even to have a chance of becoming reality. The President had a valid point when he warned against too-quick judgments on Laos. "The jury," he said, "is still out."



ROGERS AT SENATE COMMITTEE HEARING

Suburbia: The New American Plurality

THE suburb has long had a powerful hold on the American imagination. In the national mythology it is a place of status and security; it is the persistent dream of a green and pleasant oasis not too far from the office, a plot of ground that offers the calm of the country with all the advantages of the city within easy reach. The dream ranges from the manicured privacy of Long Island's "Gold Coast" to the die-stamped uniformity of California's Daly City, which inspired Malvina Reynolds' derisive song *Little Boxes*. Between those extremes hovers a world of split levels and power mowers, station wagons and shopping centers, kaffeeklatsches and barbecue pits. "Most Americans are not urbanites," observes Sociologist Herbert Gans (*The Levittowners*) of the Harvard-M.I.T. Joint Center for Urban Studies. "The one-family home is something everyone aspires to, and the best place to get it is in the suburbs."

In pursuit of the suburban dream, Americans have precipitated one of the largest mass movements in history: during the past decade, the population of suburbia has grown by more than 15 million. According to the preliminary 1970 census reports, there are now 74.9 million people classified as suburbanites, a 25% increase over 1960. This surge has made suburbanites the largest group in the land, outnumbering both city dwellers and those who live in rural areas. So many Americans have already achieved the suburban goal that suburbia itself has undergone a mutation. Inevitably, the new migrants have undone the cliché image of an affluent, WASPish, Republican hotbed of wife swappers. In the suburban myth, all men are button-down commuters, swilling one martini too many in the bar car of the 5:32. Frustrated women spend their days driving from station to school to supermarket to bridge club. The kids are spoiled and confused. Families move regularly, as Daddy is transferred or climbs the corporate ladder.

A New Typology

That myth was nurtured in postwar fiction like Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and John Marquand's *Point of No Return*; it was caricatured by such writers as Max Shulman (*Rally Round the Flag, Boys!*) and Peter De Vries (*The Mackerel Plaza*), elaborated more darkly in John Cheever's *Bullet Park*. The stereotype was neither wholly wrong nor wholly accurate. But those who have taken the trouble to look carefully have recognized that suburbia has been steadily changing. Today the demographic realities are radically different from the cliché, a change that is clearly documented in a TIME-Louis Harris survey of more than 1,600 suburban Americans in 100 different communities across the land.

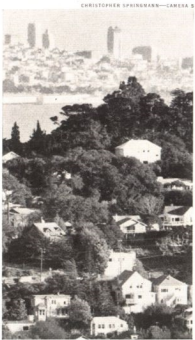
What emerges from the survey is a picture of unexpected diversity, some contradiction and occasional surprise. Suburbanites are not primarily transients; more than half have lived for more than ten years in the same community. Suburbanites are not automatically Republicans; on the voting rolls, half are Democrats, a third Republicans. They are not enormously affluent; nearly half of suburban families have an annual income under \$10,000, and one-third of them contain a union member. They are not primarily commuters; not many more than a third of the principal wage earners travel to the central city to work. And they are not steeped in sin, at least by their own possibly self-serving accounts. Fewer than a fifth favor sex before marriage, and only one in ten believes that the neighbors would consider an occasional extramarital fling "a good thing."

One reason the Harris results are at odds with the myth is that they are based on what the Census Bureau considers to be a suburb, which is, roughly, that part of a metropolitan area surrounding a central city with a population of 50,000 or more. That includes some unexpected territory. Nassau County on Long Island is obviously suburban, reaching only 20 miles from Manhattan at its farthest point. Most Americans would also consider California's Marin County to be a suburb; many of its residents commute across the Golden Gate Bridge to San Francisco from upper-bohemian Sausalito, sophisticated Mill Valley or non-descript San Rafael.

But as the census sees it, suburbia also includes such unlikely terrain as Cascade County, around Great Falls, Mont.—lightly populated towns in flat, rolling wheat country—and Minnehaha County, surrounding Sioux Falls, S. Dak., mainly onetime farming towns that have increasingly become dormitory communities. Northwestern University Sociologist Raymond Mack says a suburb has only two distinct characteristics: proximity to a big city and specific political boundaries, which result in local control of government. Most of the people whom Harris questioned do not even think of themselves as suburbanites. More often, they would say that they live in a small city, a town or even a rural area. Yet in the broader sense they are true suburbanites, living between city and countryside, geographically the middlemen between densely populated urban cores and the expanses of what remains of rural, small-town America.

Sociologists have made studies of single suburbs, or the suburbs of a single city, or of specific aspects of suburbia (such as politics or race), but they have never attempted a systematic nationwide classification of the types of towns that

ED ARNDT. © 1968, THE NEW YORK TIMES CO.



SAN FRANCISCO SEEN FROM MARIN COUNTY



STREET SCENE IN KENILWORTH, ILL.

make up suburbia. Louis Harris and his polltakers set out to do just that for TIME. "Our goal," he says, "was to examine suburban complexity and to find a systematic way of classifying suburban communities that would shed light on the real differences that exist within the wide and expanding belt between the cities and the small towns and farms."

Using a computer programmed to recognize patterns among the characteristics of suburbs covered by the survey data, the Harris staff discovered that the interplay of two particular factors—income level and rate of growth—can be used to classify suburbs in four

groups. The result is a new four-way typology of American suburbia. Each kind of suburb has distinctive traits, though no single suburb precisely fits the Harris statistical model (see boxes). The four composite types:

AFFLUENT BEDROOM. Of the four classes of suburb in the Harris catalogue, this is the only one that comes close to fitting the stereotypical conception. (And of the four categories, this is the only one in which a majority of residents even confessed to living in a suburb.) Even so, in towns of this type—New Canaan, Conn., Winnetka, Ill., and Atherton, Calif.—less than half of the breadwinners work in large cities. The Affluent Bedroom communities are tops in income, home ownership, proportion of professionals and executives. They contain increasing numbers of wealthy retired individuals, and they are 98% white, 61% Protestant, 3% Jewish. They are Republican (62% for Nixon in 1968, 24% for Humphrey). Few in the Affluent Bedroom admit to feeling "really bored and stuck out here"; most believe that their fellow townsmen truly enjoy suburban living. The Affluent Bedroom comes closest to Lewis Mumford's description of the historic suburb: "A sort of green ghetto dedicated to the elite."

AFFLUENT SETTLED. This type of suburb is not growing so rapidly as

with sizable populations of skilled workers, most of whom earn their living close to home. This tends to be upward-mobile blue collar country, where incomes are substantially lower than in the affluent suburbs; only 9% of the residents earn \$15,000 or more. Still, four out of five are homeowners. Protestants predominate even more than in wealthier suburbia; they make up 64% of the population, and there are practically no Jews. Most townspeople claim a Democratic political preference, but Nixon won handily here in 1968. Interestingly, the Wallace vote—11%—was no greater than in the Affluent Bedroom communities. Exactly half of the residents rate their town above average as a place to live in their state, but 16% say that many live there only until they can afford something better.

LOW-INCOME STAGNANT. This classification includes Cambridge, Mass., McKeesport, Pa., Joliet, Ill., and Bell Gardens, Calif. Of the four types, it has the highest proportion of nonskilled and service workers—janitors, firemen, waiters, longshoremen, common laborers and the like—and the lowest proportion of commuters to the central city (34%). Here, on the average, 12% are black—although in some cases, as in East Orange, N.J., and Compton, Calif., blacks have become a majority. Residents register Democratic overwhelmingly, 63% to 28%, and generally vote that way as well. But even here, Nixon squeaked out a 1% margin three years ago. Understandably, those who live in Low-Income Stagnant communities say they enjoy their lives less than Americans in other types of suburb. They are most often bored (25%) and most likely to feel that they and their neighbors are only biding time until they can afford to move (21%). Even so, 39% rate their community as above average; only 10% consider it below average.

Searching for Space

For all the variables, suburbanites of all four types have much in common—not least the reasons they give for moving to the suburbs in the first place. For nearly half of all the suburbanites Harris polled, the biggest single factor was the desire to have a home of their own. Next in order of importance came the search for a better atmosphere for the children (40%), a goal that they ruefully admit is not always realized. Suburban teen-agers are impressively unhappy with their surroundings; nearly three-fifths are "often bored," and 43% say that they would like to live somewhere else when they are no longer dependent on their parents. At least among the offspring of suburbia, the age of ecology has modified the urbanizing tradition that led their ambitious parents to the big city to seek their fortune. Of the kids who want to live elsewhere, more than half—54%—would prefer a more rural to a more urban setting. Says David Riggs, 16, of Virginia Beach, Va.: "By the time I'm out on my



GREGORY PECK (RIGHT) IN 1956 FILM "MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"



SHOPPING CENTER WITH COVERED MALL IN HUNTINGTON, L.I.



the Bedroom. It is more self-sufficient, even less of a dormitory for the central city. Here—the town of Fairfield, Conn., for example, or Huntington, L.I., or Arlington, Va.—the incomes may not be quite so high and there are slightly fewer homeowners. Protestants barely outnumber Catholics, though together they are a massive majority; only 6% are Jewish, double the proportion for Affluent Bedroom suburbs but hardly a significant minority. Here Nixon won—but only by 47% to 40%. The boredom quotient is higher; nearly half think that their community offers an inadequate range of things to do with leisure time.

LOW-INCOME GROWING. These are towns like Sylvania, Ohio, and Billerica, Mass.,

AFFLUENT BEDROOM

Leawood, Kans.

To examine the four types of suburbs delineated in the Harris studies, TIME correspondents visited an example of each. Chicago Bureau Chief Champ Clark, who worked for six years on the Kansas City Star, went back for this report on a typical affluent bedroom community:

MORE than a decade ago, a bridge over a ravine carried heavy traffic outbound from Kansas City to Leawood and points west. Then the bridge collapsed under the weight of a truck. Though insurance money was available, the bridge was never rebuilt. The street now stops at one edge of the ravine, then starts again on the other; it takes a two-mile detour to get across.

That is the way they like things in Leawood. A local editor and publisher, Tom Leathers, says that he has been trying for years to get West 95th Street, one of the main thoroughfares, widened. "It's inconvenient and dangerous even for our own people," he says, "but I haven't made any headway. It's as though they think improvements would bring in a lot of riffraff from Kansas City." "It's a bodacious street," allows Mayor V.M. ("Doc") Dostal. After their day's work in K.C., the people of Leawood obviously want nothing more than to come home to their handsome houses in their manicured suburb and slam the door. They might as well put up a sign reading PRIVATE—KEEP OUT.

Some of the houses in Leawood are more than 40 years old, but the town only began to blossom in the late 1930s when the Kroh Bros. real estate company undertook a major development. Now there are nearly 11,000 residents in just over 3,000 houses—ranch-styles and split-levels with a good sprinkling of

two-stories. The lawns are spacious, and there is often a paddock with two or three horses gamboling about. Some of the original houses that once sold for less than \$25,000 would probably be worth twice that today; newer houses range from \$65,000 to \$125,000—and up.

About 90% of Leawood's working population, including a growing number of restive housewives, commute by car to Kansas City. They are heavily Republican, many of them professional people, lawyers and doctors. A majority of the newer, more transient residents are often-transferred executives of major U.S. corporations. In many cases, their company helps foot the homeowner's bill just for the prestige of having a Leawood address for its man in Kansas City. As soon as a family settles, the wife is recruited into the Leawood Welcomers Club; for the next two years she meets other newcomers and learns the local ropes along with them. The men join neighborhood associations that meet weekly or monthly to talk over questions like the status of garbage collections before they adjourn for a hand of cards.

Leawood has three Protestant churches (Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian), one Roman Catholic church and no synagogues. Perhaps 3% of the population are Jewish. There are few black families. Once deeds in Leawood forbade resale to Negroes, Jews—or Arabs. Now Leawood gets nearly the same results by defter means: a local ordinance bars For Sale signs on houses, and Leawood brokers can easily avoid showing to someone they consider undesirable. Tom Leathers remembers that a couple of years ago, Bobby Bell, the Kansas City Chiefs' great linebacker, wanted to buy in Leawood. Bell is black. Leathers telephoned a member of the Kroh family and appealed with all the eloquence of a dedicated Chiefs fan; he was told that nothing was up for sale at the time, so Bell went elsewhere.

Of those who can and do settle in Leawood, Mayor Dostal says: "At least 85% of them are the salt of the earth." Maybe so, but Police Chief Martin ("Jack") Kelly says that his two major problems are booze—with adults—and drugs—with kids. (Kelly is the only member of his 18-man force who can afford to live in Leawood, and only because he has a retired Army officer's pension on top of his salary.) Leawood's two country clubs have private liquor lockers for members, and things tend to get lively on Saturday night. The teen-agers face what everyone agrees is a serious drug problem, though it is probably no worse than it is, say, at Mamaroneck High School in New York's Westchester County or at New Trier East High School near Chicago.

There are other threats to the community. Because the suburb is so rigidly residential, it has no industrial tax base; one result is inadequate public services, including a wretched sewer system that would cost at least \$1,000,000 to modernize. In a heavy rain the sewers back up into the prosperous residents' basements. In addition, there is what Mrs. Margaret Jordan, lawyer and city councilwoman, calls "the specter of Tomahawk Creek Reservoir"—a proposed federal flood-control project that would create recreational facilities open to nonresidents. Another city council member puts the dilemma of Leawood's future neatly: "We know that change is inevitable, but we want to keep things the way they are."



SATURDAY NIGHT BUFFET AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

own, there will be too many people here. So I'll head for the open spaces."

Adult suburbanites often moved out of the city for the same reason; more than a third say that they were looking for "green, open spaces." Many also say that they came to the suburbs to find friends and neighbors more like themselves. "Life is slower out here," says Robert Pipp, 58, who lives in Lower Paxton Township, a suburban part of Harrisburg, Pa. Surprisingly few give

negative reasons—the problems of the city: crime, racial tension, pollution—for getting out.

The statistics testify that, beyond a doubt, most adult suburbanites are happy with their lot. Fully 44% had no serious reservations at all about their neighborhoods, and the major complaints joined in by more than one in ten—high taxes, high cost of living—are problems that plague city dwellers at least as gravely. "Many people really

enjoy living in the community" is a statement that 74% agree with; 67% also feel that there is a strong sense of neighborliness. There is always a possibility that such satisfaction may be feigned, a defense against the anxiety-ridden image of the suburbane in contemporary fiction. Yet most insist that the friendliness of their neighbors is the one thing that has given them most satisfaction. Also important: community services, particularly good schools and convenient

shopping. Most, in other words, have found what they were looking for. Once they have arrived, they do not look back. Two out of three say that their lives would scarcely be affected if, aside from working there, they would never again set foot in the central city. And even for work, the city is less and less important to suburbanites' lives; the number of those who work as well as live in the suburbs is sharply on the rise.

For all the increasing self-sufficiency and sense of satisfaction, there is a notably less cheery underside to suburban life. Many have found that suburbia shares the same problems as the cities, though possibly less severely. Beyond

taxes, the complaints of suburbia make a litany that any city dweller would find familiar.

CRIME. When asked to list the problems of their suburb, only 12% volunteered that crime is a major concern. Questioned more directly, however, 43% admitted that crime is on the increase in their community and 32% said they do not feel it is safe to walk around at night. (That proportion rises to 46% among women and 57% among non-whites, who live in poorer neighborhoods just as they do in the city.) One out of four said that places they once visited at night are now off limits because they are not safe. Over 90% agree that

"government at all levels should get much tougher on the subject of crime and law and order."

SCHOOLS. Suburbanites give their school systems high marks; 76% say that the quality of education is either "excellent" or "pretty good." There is some doubt, though, that the schools will stay that way, particularly in suburbs that are growing and therefore have expanding school populations. Already, three out of five feel that enough money is being spent on the schools in their community; only 28% are willing to spend more. A mere 18% of suburbanites would go along with higher taxes to raise extra money for education. Opposition to

AFFLUENT SETTLED

Evanston, Illinois

TIME's Sam Iker lives in Wilmette and works in Chicago. Directly in between lies Evanston, which he explored for this portrait:

MANY Chicagoans talk of the suburb of Evanston as the straitlaced capital of the North Shore—national headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the stodgy bastion of proper matrons and upright WASP gentlemen, all of them scarcely more liberal than the Chicago *Tribune's* late Colonel Robert R. McCormick. In fact, as City Planner Richard Carter says, Evanston is "a microcosm of a larger city, diversified in income, ethnically, racially and every other way." It ranks high in affluence: a \$12,200 a year median income in 1968. Yet Evanston's 80,000 population includes over 1,600 people on welfare, as well as top-salaried executives and professional men. The ethnic majority is still basically Northern European—English, German and Scandinavian—but there are Poles, Luxembourgers, Russians, Canadians, Armenians, Orientals, blacks.

The new ethnic groups have combined with another new kind of migrant to change Evanston from a Republican Carcassonne into a city that Nixon barely carried in 1968, and Adlai Stevenson III won last November. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, younger, activist families have moved in, attracted by Evanston's lack of resemblance to a caricature suburb. Brian Sheek moved with her husband, a printing executive, and two young sons from Chicago's South Side to Evanston four years ago. "It is the only suburb that allows for individuality," she says. "There aren't the same pressures for conformity here. There are so many kinds of people and kinds of circles to choose from." Republican Alderman William Nott, 61, who represents established north-west Evanston, says scornfully: "These independents and liberals want to change things. I'll tell you that a lot of old-time Evanstonians resent them."

The momentum of change built in Evanston until it nearly split the town in two last year. Evanston has a black population of 16%; some are fourth-generation Evanstonians, descendants of blacks who moved there as domestic servants a century ago. The blacks were at the center of a battle over school integration, allied with liberal whites behind School Superintendent Gregory Coffin's implementation of a plan to distribute blacks equally among the city's 16 elementary schools (*TIME*, March 9, 1970). Coffin became anathema to conservatives and was forced out after integration was completed. Evanston's grammar schools survived, however, as a model of quality and racial integration.

One reason that black-white relations in Evanston are relatively calm is that the black community has a strong middle-

FRED SCHRELL



HOUSE IN UPPER-INCOME AREA NEAR LAKE MICHIGAN

class orientation. Its members like to boast: "In Evanston, the black ghetto is black owned." But there is a growing black consciousness. "Blacks can't find a better place to live" than Evanston, says Mrs. Jessie Smith, a welfare mother. But she adds: "We don't want to be pushed down any more." Whites complain of black-white student friction in Evanston Township High School, and there is a tinge of race in rising local taxes. Says Alderman Nott: "Every year more services are demanded for the poor and the blacks. It seems there's no end to it."

State Farm Insurance Man Tom Martin, a South Evanstonian, says: "We don't have suburban problems here. We have big-city problems." They do: race, rising crime rates (burglaries up from 594 in 1969 to 842 last year), low-income housing, downtown business stagnation, taxes, traffic, student unrest at Northwestern (which has a 21-year-old black woman as student body president). Evanston's acting city manager, Edward Martin, 27, finds the scene far from dismal. "We have all the problems of a major city," he says, "but on a manageable level. I feel we're a great laboratory in that sense." One thing that helps enormously is the high level of citizen involvement in everything from antiwar rallies through school board meetings to Fourth of July block parties. "I like the fact that the town gets aroused over issues," says James Lytle, vice president of the State National Bank, which is housed in a 21-story building that looms large in Evanston's downtown business district.

There is, clearly, a certain ambivalence in Evanston. Evanstonians consider themselves city dwellers; then again, they feel like suburbanites. Evanston is a city with the virtues of a suburb, or a suburb with the virtues of a city. Either way, it seems to be working.

increased spending on schools is highest in upper-income communities—perhaps partly because their schools are already among the best, and partly because more of the population consists of parents whose children are grown. They have no further personal interest in improving local educational facilities with higher school budgets.

MORES AND MORALS. Despite occasional flurries that make headlines, sex education in the schools is not an urgent

issue in suburbia; 78% are for it, though almost half—45%—do not even know whether their schools teach it or not. As for the stereotype of suburban swingers, suburbanites are not convinced: 86% feel that most wives in the community are faithful to their husbands, and 79% believe that most husbands reciprocate. Teen-agers reject premarital sex, 56% to 31%. Only 8% of suburbanites report that their neighbors do a lot of partying; 58% say that they per-

sonally go to parties no more than a couple of times a year. Few think that a lack of other diversions makes drinking a more serious problem in suburbia than elsewhere. But 40% say they know someone in the community who drinks too much, and 36% say they know someone who uses tranquilizers.

THE YOUNG. In the 16-to-20 age group, acquaintance with abuse of liquor is wider than might be expected: more than other suburban age groups, the young peo-

LOW-INCOME GROWING

El Monte, Calif.

TIME Los Angeles Bureau Chief Don Neff has worked in Southern California off and on since 1956. He made his way out the San Bernardino Freeway for this report:

EVEN its defenders admit that El Monte is an eyesore, a blur of suburban sprawl 14 miles from downtown Los Angeles. Its boundaries meander without obvious aim or purpose. Tiny houses, usually stucco and rarely worth more than \$30,000, are jumbled together with tacky businesses along its dismal streets. Some 70,000 people call it home, but only a city father could love it. "This is a lower-middle-class workingman's community," says City Administrator Kenneth Botts. Unnecessarily, he adds: "We will never be a Beverly Hills."

Within its 15 sq. mi., there is no college, no symphony orchestra, no art gallery, no country club, no good bookstore, no cine cinema. The bars run to beer, the churches to fundamentalism; there was a synagogue once, but it closed about ten years ago. Western music flourishes in popular nightspots like Nashville West. The stores are mainly cut-rate ("Crawford's: The Biggest Country Store in the World"). The citizens for the most part are unskilled or semiskilled workers from the South and the Midwest. They find jobs in places ranging from the Clayton Manufacturing Co., a valve-making company with more than 1,000 employees, to hundreds of small, ten- to twelve-man machine shops.

There are no blacks in El Monte; in fact, blacks call it "whitey's town." The prejudice against blacks is unspoken, but it is well understood. During a public meeting, a former city employee spoke of their absence in the community; he was ignored by city officials and later privately chewed out by them. El Monte calls itself the first "all-American" com-

munity in Los Angeles County. Ironically, it is now fast becoming a Mexican-American stronghold, with a Chicano population estimated at between 35% and 50%. There are increasing strains. An El Monte policeman was shot and left paralyzed from the waist down in what many of the local old guard believe was a Mexican-American ambush.

For the Mexican-Americans, El Monte is a step up out of the East Los Angeles *barrio*. Explains Richard Mendez, 31: "We moved here from East Los Angeles because it is a better neighborhood. Life is better here. The schools are cleaner. There is not so much trouble." For others, El Monte is a way station en route to something else. "We get them coming both ways," says Dick Naumann, 56, who runs a women's clothing store. "Those who are coming from other parts of the country and those who are leaving. Those who are going up in life and those who are going down." The transients move into cheap clapboard weekly rentals around gloomy Garvey Avenue, then land a job in one of the little machine shops. They stay a month or a year; some schools report a 100% annual student turnover. "I don't live here, I exist," says Earl Vetter, 43, a machinist recently arrived from the East. "As soon as I find something I can afford, I'm getting out."

For those who grew up in El Monte, the present scene is all a bit unreal. Police Chief Orval Davis, a member of the force since 1938, remembers that there were only 3,600 residents and six policemen in El Monte when he was a rookie. (There are 77 cops today.) "Those are the people I identify with," he says. "Those are the people I know. We've grown so fast, I hardly know any of the new ones." Ray ("Tex") Rickard, an oldtimer who owns the weekly *Mid Valley News*, does not think much of the newcomers. "To be honest, I wish most of them would go back where they came from," he says.

Despite its staggering growth, El Monte oddly manages to retain a small-town atmosphere. It could be a relic from a blue-collar edition of Norman Rockwell's America. The pace in El Monte is just a bit slower than in Los Angeles, the people are just a bit friendlier. Hands dirtied by honest work are still a badge of honor. Few people drink at lunch; television is the usual evening entertainment. The merchants run their own stores, and when they talk, city hall listens.

Much of the Rockwellian ambience is deceptive, however. The downtown mall area contains the local headquarters of the Office of Economic Opportunity's neighborhood action program, which is pressing for low-cost housing over old-line opposition. On the 1st and 15th of every month, long sad queues of weary mothers and scraggly children stand on the street all day to collect food stamps. The young are displaced persons in El Monte. "There is nothing to do here," says good-looking Tina Chas-si, 25. "If I go out on a date, we go out of town."

Some El Monte residents moved in to stay, and they look at it as a place to put down roots. Joseph Hermes, 50, an insurance salesman, found in the late 1950s that a house that would cost \$20,000 in the San Fernando Valley went for \$5,000 less in El Monte. "I like the people here," he says. "I think they are good. They work hard." He has only one complaint: "They are used to being kicked around a little bit, so they don't take as much interest in the city as they should."



UNDER THE DRYERS AT PETER PAN BEAUTY SALON

LOW-INCOME STAGNANT East Orange, N.J.

Karsten Prager of *TIME's* New York Bureau lived until recently in the Riverdale section of The Bronx, a part of the city that is much like a suburb. In East Orange, he found a suburb that is much like a city:

ON the map and on the ground, they congeal into patterns of dense urban settlement on the rim of the New York metropolitan area—Newark and East Orange and Orange and Maplewood and Irvington and Bloomfield and Glen Ridge. There are no green belts, no distinct borders; instead, there are parkways, railroads, and political boundaries that may run through the middle of a block. Main Street in East Orange becomes Main Street in Orange, and except for the change in house numbers, one town melts into another. Near the center of East Orange is a giant cross formed by the interchange between the Garden State Parkway and still incomplete Interstate 280. "Crossroads of New Jersey," they call it. Some crossroads.

East Orange has many faces: the tree-lined streets and substantial houses of the well-heeled First Ward, the old, rundown frame houses of the Fifth Ward, the modern apartment buildings that tower over both. The citizens of East Orange lead parallel but unlinked lives. Some 55% to 60% of them are black, and black-white contacts are guarded. "I have the feeling that people don't quite trust one another," says Mrs. Dorothy Scull, a school board member. But there is more to their isolation from one another than race. Many of the homeowners feel that the high-rise dwellers take little interest in the community. Says one white housewife: "Sometimes I get the impression that the only thing they are interested in is their personal safety—more street lights, getting from the front door to the parking lot in one piece." The lines also divide have from have-not, black middle class from black working class.

"I can still have breakfast in my own backyard," says Mayor William Hart, 45, who is black. "In that sense we are not the city. But we are just a few bricks removed from it." For many of the blacks, East Orange has been the first step out from the city, from Newark or New York, a reach for a suburban hinterland of open space and green grass and fresh air. Once it was that for wealthy whites. Long before World War II, it was a gracious, self-contained suburb with some mansions that verged on the palatial, imposing apartment buildings, a Baptist seminary and Upsala College.

Most of that changed after the war. Black families moved in, looking for better housing and better schools. Whites drifted away toward the shore or to the mountains, either because they felt uncomfortable among the newcomers or because their houses were now too large to manage. For short periods, parts of town were integrated, but in the long run blocks with some black families almost invariably went entirely black. The white middle class thinned out; the black middle class (or would-be middle class) moved in. The racial ratio in the schools changed quickly: 21% black

BURTON BERENSKY



OLDER HOMES & HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS ON MELROSE AVENUE

in 1952, 49% in 1962, around 90% today. Most white children switched to private or parochial schools if their parents chose to stay in East Orange.

The schools are short of classroom space, and there is a drug problem among the young—though no one agrees on its proportions. Several East Orange High students have been hospitalized with drug overdoses. Says Mayor Hart: "What's hurting is that the children have little in terms of recreation. There is no swimming pool, no bowling alley, no dance pavilion, no roller-skating rink." The housing shortage is acute. Some 800 families are on the waiting list for public housing. Construction of single-family houses is almost at a standstill—partly because the city's property tax rate, currently \$8.31 per \$100, is among the highest in the state.

Once, branches of elegant New York City stores lined Central Avenue; now East Orange has little to offer its residents commercially. It has no shopping center of its own. The people of East Orange do their business either in New York or Newark, or at the shopping malls and plazas that have sprung up in the other suburbs. Central Avenue is not dead, but it is decaying.

Despite its problems, East Orange has quite a bit going for it. It is compact, if overcrowded. Unlike neighboring Newark, it has a history of capable, efficient government. It has a stable white and black middle class. There are some extreme views on both sides of the racial fence, but tensions are far lower than in some other Jersey towns—a fact that the mayor attributes to East Orange's high percentage of homeowners. It is still a town in search of itself. As one white resident put it: "We haven't had soul here in 20 years." East Orange used to be middle- to upper-class, staunchly Republican, predominantly white; now it is middle- to lower-class, Democratic, predominantly black. Says Mayor Hart: "This town can go up or down. What we need is money, resources. We have the people—good people who will back you when you call them."

ple interviewed know someone who drinks excessively (58%). All this despite the fact that suburban parents do not consider themselves particularly permissive. If parents found their teenager smoking pot, two-thirds would insist that he stop, nearly a third would try to talk him out of it, and only 1% would not interfere. The sentiment for a strict approach to child rearing emerges in other ways. Two-fifths of the parents would insist that a teen-age boy with long hair get it cut.

THE POOR. On the suburban evidence, President Nixon was politically wise to shoot down a HUD proposal to encourage construction of low-income housing in suburbia. The idea is distinctly unpopular. In suburbs where there is no low-income housing today, almost half the residents are against it (v. 38% favorable and 13% undecided); in high-income suburbs, opposition is strongest (68% to 22%). Only 26% of those interviewed said there already were low-income projects in their community.

BLACKS. Harris concludes that suburbanites do want a certain degree of exclusivity, but he found that it is more a question of class than of color. The same affluent suburbs that oppose low-income housing by more than 3 to 1 would welcome blacks, 50% to 32%. Blacks who can afford to live in a high-income community would be acceptable, it seems, while the poor, of whatever color, would not. Whites, some of whom possibly ascribe to neighbors' prejudices that they would not admit to in themselves, feel

strongly (67% to 12%) that most others in the community would be against blacks moving in. By 59% to 26%, they think the advent of blacks would hurt real estate values. Suburbanites favor integrated schools, but only on a limited basis. They prefer neighborhood schools and oppose having blacks bused in from other districts by nearly 3 to 1; even teenagers agree.

Whether white suburbanites like it or not, the suburban scene is being altered. Blacks are moving to the suburbs in growing numbers, although the white influx over the past decade has been so great that the percentage of blacks in suburbia has risen only imperceptibly—4.5% overall in 1970 v.

Chicago is multiple dwellings, and the proportion rises as high as 90% in such suburbs as Oak Park. At the core of the problem is sheer population pressure. "It's more crowded here now," says Joseph McCarthy, 36, a Grumman Corp. engineer who lives in East Northport, L.I. "A few years back it was almost a rural area. Now you have traffic to contend with that you never had to worry about before."

As a result of its demographic dominance, suburbia may soon achieve a political primacy that the cities never quite managed in the long era of malapportioned, rural-dominated state legislatures, which traditionally hold the key to everything from congressional dis-

Wood, president of the University of Massachusetts and author of the political and governmental study *Suburbia*. The cities have already been diminished by the movement of people and industry to the suburbs. "This trend," says Harris, "if not reversed, will have major consequences for urban America: declining tax bases within cities, less incentive for the cities themselves to develop efficient mass transportation, greater reluctance in the state capitals to provide aid for cities. In short, the isolation of the central city." That need not happen, however; planned development of new towns at the city's edge and a greater amount of regional urban-suburban cooperation could help jump the mounting barrier.

Toward a New Localism

Some urbanologists think that a second big wave of migration to the farther suburbs is beginning already, made up of the offspring of the first wave, which began just after World War II. In one view, says Berkeley Sociologist Carl Werthman, the city is becoming "a place for all the oddballs and deviants of our society: the lower class, the ethnic minorities, the homosexuals, the artists." As a result, "the young married seldom even look at a place in the city," says Rakove. "The older suburbs are just like the city for them. They are settling way out, where the prices aren't so high and the schools are the best." He cites the example of Schaumburg, Ill., 25 miles from the Loop. Barely more than a pasture ten years ago, Schaumburg now numbers some 50,000 residents. Its 1980 population, he predicts, will be 250,000.

All this suggests a picture of new American population patterns emerging in the next decade or so. The rural population, which is diminishing, is not likely to be replaced by big-city or suburban dropouts in search of a better life. The cities will become increasingly the habitat of singles, childless couples, blacks and the other nonwhite minorities. "Manhattan may be the prototype city of the future—for either the poor or the rich," says Rakove.

In between the farms and the cities will be an ever growing, ever more self-sufficient suburbia expanding into one continuous blur, as it does already along the northeast corridor from Boston to Washington. In these spreading suburbs, in all their diverse forms, will come a further test of American democracy. The auguries are good: the Harris survey points to a high incidence of civic concern, and the example of Evanston indicates that the combination of civic concern with a manageable governmental unit can work very well indeed. Suburbia may never re-create the New England town meeting, but it could be the locus of a new localism that will succeed in allowing its citizens to reassert some control over their lives and their governments, to create a fresh sense of community and roots across the land.



CHILDREN ARRIVING AT SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.
Mass movement in pursuit of a dream.

4.2% in 1960. As of 1968, however, there were proportionately more poor blacks in the suburbs than in the cities. Industry, too, has been deserting the central city for the suburbs.

Despite the changes, suburbanites who feel that their community has become a better place to live over the past few years outnumber those who think there has been a decline. But the problems of the central cities are inevitably being exported to the suburbs along with the new suburbanites. According to Department of Justice figures, excluding petty thievery and traffic violations, crime increased by 181% in the suburbs from 1960 to 1969, while the major urban centers saw a rise of 117%. "We are urbanizing the suburban areas to the point that many of them are coming to resemble the cities of a few generations ago," says Milton Rakove, a University of Illinois urbanologist. The quest for a home of one's own is increasingly frustrated. As demand goes up, supply diminishes, and prices have risen steadily. Now, by some estimates, half of all new suburban housing around

tricting to the parceling out of state aid funds. According to a National Urban Coalition study, "suburban gains in political power through court-ordered redistricting have been steady since 1966." Charles Richard Lehne, a Rutgers political scientist, foresees that the suburbs will pick up 25 seats in the House of Representatives as a result of redistricting based on the 1970 census.

Harris found, however, that few people change their political registration on moving to the suburbs, so the suburban migration does not necessarily mean a gain for the Republicans. (Though suburbia voted for Nixon in 1968, it now gives him a 52% negative job rating.) Reapportionment helped the cities get fairer representation in the state legislatures, but it also boosted the number of legislators from the expanding suburbs. Now urbanologists fear that suburban representatives may combine with rural lawmakers to perpetuate the historic discrimination against cities in the allocation of state funds.

"The battle of the cities will be fought on the suburban front," says Robert



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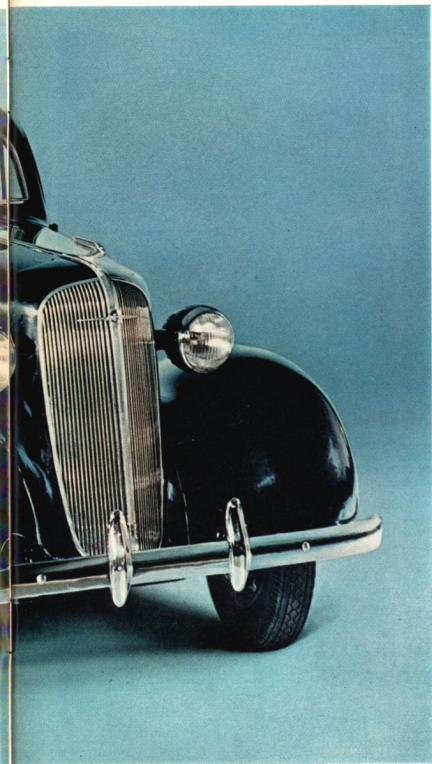
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A Bomb in the Senate

THE man spoke in "a low, hard tone," recalled the operator on duty at the Capitol switchboard. His message was equally ominous: "This building will blow up in 30 minutes. You will get many calls like this, but this one is real." At 1:32 a.m., 33 minutes after the phone warning, a dynamite bomb demolished an unmarked, out-of-the-way men's room in the Capitol basement. It was only the fourth time in history that protesters had brought violence to the domed symbol of U.S. democracy.*

The explosion occurred in the original section of the Capitol, begun during George Washington's term in office and restored after the building was burned by the British in 1814. Besides the damage to the men's room, the Senate barbershop and the back-corridor hideaway offices of Senators Everett Jordan, Caleb Boggs and John Sparkman were damaged. Architects and engineers will spend weeks searching for damage around the fragile west front of the building, which is already buttressed to support cracks in the sandstone facing.

Vulnerability. The Capitol blast followed the bombing or attempted bombing last year of 32 buildings across the country that are owned or leased by the Federal Government. Well before last week's explosion, security at all federal buildings had already been tightened in the wake of the alleged plot by the Berrigan brothers (TIME, Jan. 25) to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow up heating ducts in the capital's underground

area. The 7.5-mile tunnel system that connects the basements of Government office buildings in Washington has been equipped with an alarm system and most of its manholes sealed.

The "Weather Underground"—like "Weather People," a self-appellation for the Weathermen—sent a letter to the Associated Press claiming credit for the explosion as a protest over American involvement in Laos. They were rebuffed by Attorney General John Mitchell: "In the past we have noticed that every time you have had one of these unfortunate occurrences, there have been quite a number of communications sent to newspapers or different offices, and it does not necessarily mean that the writer is representative of the parties that carried out the activity."

More troubling than the physical effects of the explosion are the implications for the future. The openness of the Capitol—even to someone carrying 15-20 lbs. of dynamite in a briefcase—has been one of the strengths of the American democracy; the nation's laws have been written within full view of its citizens. Now security measures are likely to be forthcoming, and they will alter tradition, however slightly.

The White House was once a building as accessible as the Congress is now. Originally, it would be thrown open on a regular basis for the public to greet the President. But gradually, reinforced by the assassinations of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Kennedy, it has become closed to the average citizen. Though none of the assassinations occurred at the White House, once the President was established as a target, it was natural to increasingly fortify the place where he spent most of his time. Today, the ordinary citizen's personal access to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is limited to a glimpse of the furniture in a few ceremonial rooms.

* While attending a state funeral in 1835, Andrew Jackson was shot at but unharmed as he stepped from the rotunda to the Capitol portico. In 1915, the old Supreme Court Chamber in the Senate Wing of the Capitol and a reception room were bombed by a college professor angered over U.S. munitions sales to Britain. In 1954, Puerto Rican Nationalists opened fire from a House gallery, wounding five Congressmen on the floor below.



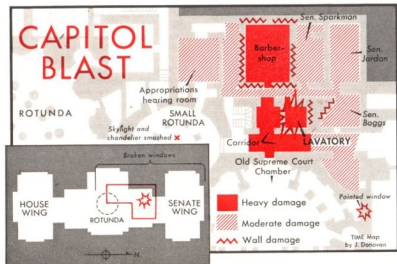
OFFICER & DOG ON GUARD AFTER BLAST
Violating a symbol.

TEXAS

Bring Back "Old Sparky"

The tall-backed electric chair in Texas' Huntsville Prison has gathered a fine coating of dust since it was last used in 1965. About 100 men sit on death rows throughout the state, restlessly awaiting the outcome of their legal appeals. If thousands of Texans had their draconian way, the prisoners would not have to wait much longer.

After three Dallas police officers were found systematically murdered recently, the Greater Dallas Crime Commission, a businessmen's organization, launched an advertising campaign aimed, among other things, at throwing the fear of death into murderers by resuming capital punishment, which is still legal in Texas. "The refusal to carry out the death sentence has produced an alarming increase in capital crimes," the commission wrote. "It is time to serve notice that murder in Texas does not pay." Part of the commission's ads were "ballots" that readers were invited to fill out, expressing their opinion on the death penalty and other aspects of law enforcement. Of the ballots that had been counted last week, 10,620 advocated dusting off and using "Old Sparky," as prisoners call the chair. There seemed little sentiment to approach the problem from the other direction—by regulating the sale of guns, which can still be bought in Texas as conveniently as aspirin.



LABOR

More Trouble for Tony

With the conspicuous exceptions of Teamster Bosses Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, no union leader in recent American labor history has drawn as much legal flak as Tony Boyle, irascible president of the United Mine Workers of America. The Labor Department recently filed suit against the 66-year-old labor chieftain charging numerous irregularities in his last election. A group from his own rank and file is suing him and other top union officials for \$75 million for conspiring to misuse pension and welfare funds. And in Washington County, Pa., District Attorney Jess Costa is readying the trial of one of the accused murderers of Joseph Yablonski, who challenged Boyle 15 months ago for the union presidency. Though Boyle is not linked with the murder charge, the trial is bound to reflect on his reputation.

Now the crusty union leader must answer to more serious charges. Last week, a federal grand jury in Washington handed down an indictment charging Boyle with embezzlement and conspiracy to embezzle \$49,250 in union funds for illegal political contributions. (National campaign donations from a union's general treasury are illegal.) Also indicted were two Boyle aides, James Kmetz, on the same charges, and John Owens, the union's secretary-treasurer, on charges of conspiracy and making an illegal campaign contribution. According to the indictment, checks were made out to "cash" to tap the funds of Labor's Non-Partisan League, the U.M.W.'s political arm created by John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman. The funds were then allegedly transferred to political candidates in the guise of personal contributions. The biggest slice, \$30,000, went to

a 1968 Democratic fund-raising dinner for Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey.

The Justice Department pointed out that Humphrey was in no way involved, and his aides claimed innocence of the origins of the campaign contributions. Boyle denied the charges, but other labor leaders are shunning him, and the once important National Coal Policy Conference was disbanded last week. Another measure of his standing: when President Nixon gathered top labor leaders for a White House dinner last Labor Day, Boyle was not invited.

ARMED FORCES

As Johnny Comes

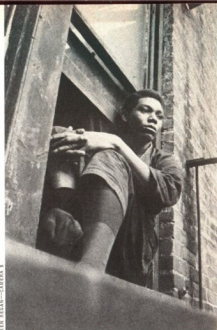
Marching Home

When I first came home, I wanted to get a job. They said, "Well, we'll get in touch with you." There's nothing they have; they don't have any jobs. Just like the demonstrations I've seen since I've been home. They say, well, end the war, you know, stop the war in Viet Nam and bring the fellas home. What can they give them when they get home? You know, a lot of people are going to be upset when they come home.

The speaker, Jerry Pugh, is a veteran of the Viet Nam War. In his anger and frustration, he is not unlike thousands of others across the U.S. Nearly 2,500,000 men have served in Viet Nam. In other years and other wars, they would have returned to a hero's welcome, an outstretched hand, promises of a better life. Occasionally this is still the case. Just as often, it is not.

Gilbert Pew was a tank driver in "the Nam," where he was seriously wounded. He returned home to New York to find that his wife of 1½ years had become a drug addict. Soon after, she left him, and her mother had Pew evicted from the couple's apartment. Unable to find housing and without a family of his own, he lived in an abandoned Harlem tenement with rats and junkies as his only neighbors for several weeks before finding a room. "Guys look forward to getting home and getting all those benefits the Army promised while you were in," says Pew. "They're in for a big surprise, though. Viet Nam veterans don't have any benefits whatsoever."

Waiting List. There is some truth to Pew's complaint. Compared with their World War II and Korean War counterparts, Viet Nam veterans are unheralded, even unwanted. On the average younger and less skilled, they are returning to look for work in one of the toughest job situations seen in their lifetime. Yet veterans' benefits, the traditional bootstrap up when all else has failed, are woefully inadequate compared with other years. The G.I. Bill for Education, for example, once provided for full tuition, plus \$75 monthly for expenses. Now it pays but \$175 a month, hardly enough to meet school



PEW IN HARLEM TENEMENT
In for a big surprise.

costs in most cases, let alone support a wife, family or even the veteran himself.

Nowhere is the problem more critical than in the nation's cities. Of the 5,000,000 currently out of work, at least one in ten is a returned serviceman, most of them from large urban areas. In New York City, where 48,000 Viet vets returned home last year, the City Division of Veterans Affairs has been stymied in its search to find jobs. In 1969, for example, the agency was able to place citywide only 3,116 vets of the 9,473 who applied. "And 1969 was a labor year," says one counselor.

Often the search for adequate housing is even more difficult. Albert Pryor has been squatting in an abandoned tenement for the last four years, much of the time attending college. He has been on the New York City Housing Authority waiting list all the while, but there is still no opening in sight. One city VA official estimates that in New York City alone there are currently more than 10,000 veterans who are forced to live with family or friends or, like Pryor, to camp illegally in empty buildings because they are unable to find quarters of their own.

The root causes of the veterans' plight are multiple, beginning with public apathy toward the Viet Nam vet. Much of the war's unpopularity has been unjustly transferred to the men who are fighting it. Never has the U.S. serviceman met with such indifference, even hostility. He is back, but who cares? Says Pew: "When a young man comes home from so-called fighting for his country and then looks to his country for help, and nobody gives, you know, nobody cares, it's just weird."

Little Appeal. Then, too, there was the military's Project 100,000, launched in 1967 to meet the rising manpower



BOYLE LEAVING COURT
Uninvited to the White House.

needs dictated by a lack of volunteers and by the many educational deferments. So named for the number of eligible draftees it would encompass each year (but actually a Pentagon euphemism for lowering the military's physical and mental standards), the program reached into the traditionally rejected pool of society's marginal youth, chronic dropouts and underachievers—about 175,000 in the first 28 months. Inducted, trained for battle and little else, the men who are now being processed out are often

hardly better prepared for civilian life than when they entered.

The military has tried to face up to these problems with Transition Program, a project to provide job training for servicemen before discharge. Because the program is open only to those with six months or more of active duty remaining, it has little appeal. An alternative is almost immediate discharge upon return from Viet Nam. Of the 5,000 overseas returnees arriving at Fort Dix each month, for example, all but a few hun-

dred are discharged within 48 hours. As a result, only 12,000 men enrolled for the program last year.

Meanwhile, the ranks of the disillusioned continue to grow. Casberry Carr, an Air Force jet-engine mechanic from Atlanta, experienced the ultimate irony. Discharged last September, with a wife and two children to support, he fruitlessly sought work. Finally he checked into the possibility of re-enlisting. He was told that it would take at least until April for him to get back in.

AMERICAN SCENE

A Mobilized Feast for Mayor Daley

FROM a door of Chicago's cavernous McCormick Place came the glorious skirl of bagpipes and the thunderous roll of drums. Smartly clad in black jackets and Kennedy tartan kilts, the Eleventh Ward Shannon Rovers began their march down the 600-ft.-long red carpet. The walls reverberated to the strains of the *Garry Owen* march, the favorite tune of the guest of honor, the present and almost certainly future mayor of the city of Chicago—Richard J. Daley.

Mobilized last week by Chicago's top union officials in appreciation of Mayor Daley's "service to the working people," the banquet was touted as the biggest under one roof in the chronicle of mankind.* After Daley made his way to the dais, flanked by a praetorian guard of Chicago's labor elite, dinner was served to 10,158 labor leaders, rank-and-file members and their wives and girl friends.

The banquet committee, formed and chaired by genial William Lee, head of the Chicago Federation of Labor, was well prepared for ravenous onslaught. Indeed, the supply list suggested not so much a banquet as the formation of Democratic labor battalions to march on Republican strongholds. For the guests' delectation, there were 11,000 filet mignons, 3,500 lbs. of potatoes and 1,800 lbs. of carrots. The appetizer was 2,200 lbs. of fruit cocktail. Desserts: 11,000 crème de menthe parfaits. Lest throats become parched, 2,010 qt. of liquor and 130 cases of beer were readied at 80 bars.

The guests began filing in at 5:30 p.m. at the approximate pace of a World Series crowd. While they drank to tinkling background music of polkas and show tunes, the mayor and his wife joined a select group of 150 VIPs in a snug cocktail setting behind the speaker's platform. The union leaders pawed their way toward the mayor, beaming for bulb-popping cameras as they pumped his hand.

Sometimes Daley smiled; sometimes

he looked grim. Often, to give his aching right hand a rest, he clasped hands behind his back. Finally, at 7:15 he and his escorts left the cocktail party to travel two blocks by limousine to the other side of the building for the grand entrance. As Labor Official Tom Haviland put it: "If he had walked, he would have had to shake 9,000 hands."

Haviland had one of the more thankless jobs: arranging the seating for the status-conscious laborites. There were 1,100 tables spread over 31 acres of bare concrete floor. Haviland dodged the worst of the problem by parceling out blocks of tables to the locals and councils to let them wrangle it out themselves. The size of the blocks was a telling reflection of Chicago labor's power distribution—the Teamsters commanded 275 tables, while the building trades got 190 and the steelworkers 50.

As soon as the mayor was settled at one of the two head tables, the guests reseated themselves before their blue-rimmed Pyrex plates. At each plate stood a campaign brochure and a Daley button. Swiftly, hundreds of yellow-jacketed waiters and waitresses began scurry-

ing about with groaning trays. If the steaks were not exactly sizzling, it was hardly their fault. The heated carts had to be wheeled up to three city blocks to reach one of the four service kitchens.

As host, Lee mounted the rostrum at 8:15 and started the long round of dignitary introductions. Protocol demanded that all of the 102 plenipotentiaries be introduced. The loudspeakers were almost wholly ineffective, and by the time Daley—presented as "the greatest mayor of the greatest city in the world"—stepped up to speak, nearly half the crowd had departed. Daley confined his remarks to a few innocuous platitudes about his roots in labor and job security, then exited to a standing ovation. The biggest indoor feast in history was over.

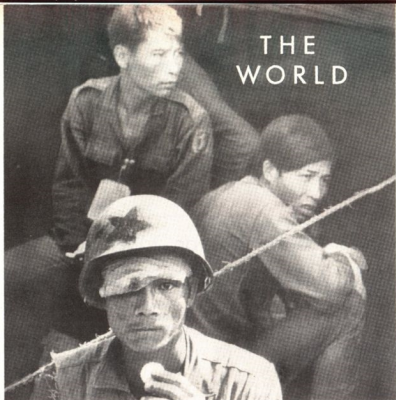
As a longtime Daley friend, Lee stoutly maintained that the affair was "strictly nonpolitical." Said he before the dinner: "It's so the working people of the city can pay tribute to the mayor for all his consideration toward them. You won't see politicians and a lot of big names here." Perhaps. But the record should show that Daley, who has served four terms as mayor of Chicago, is standing for re-election on April 6.

DINING AT MCCORMICK PLACE



* According to the Guinness record book, the largest previous indoor banquet was held by Freemasons at the Olympia in London on Aug. 8, 1925. Eight thousand attended.

THE WORLD



SOUTH VIETNAMESE WOUNDED AWAITING RIDES TO HOSPITAL

Showdown in Laos

THREE weeks after the attack on the Ho Chi Minh Trail had begun, South Viet Nam's rugged Quang Tri province, the chief staging area, became a major stop on the VIP circuit. Texas Democrat Lloyd Bentsen, new to the Senate Armed Services Committee, flew in by executive jet, only to be waved away from Khe Sanh when Communist mortar fire suddenly thudded in. South Viet Nam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, resplendent in his standard field getup—black flight suit, purple scarf and revolver—arrived to visit South Vietnamese marines. "I tried to visit Laos myself," he later told reporters. "But I was told it was much too dangerous."

Alphonse-Gaston Show. It was dangerous all right, and it promises to get more so, soon. After two weeks of small gains and large casualties, the Lam Son 719 forces were at last on the move again. Leapfrogging six miles past a stalled armor column on Route 9, swarms of U.S. helicopters laden with ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) troops flapped deep into Laos, settling into landing zones blasted out of the jungle by parachute-dropped 15,000-lb. bombs. From one of the new bases, code-named Sophia, 1,500 crack ARVN 1st Division troops punched five miles northward through brisk Communist fire. Backed by prodigious U.S. airpower, they exultantly entered Tche-

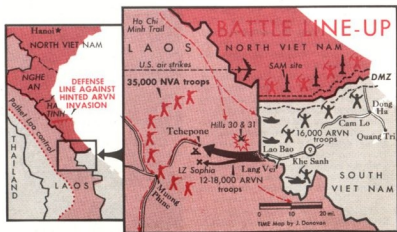
pone, the key Communist transshipment site that had been pinpointed as a major objective. Almost immediately, 1,000 reinforcements were helilifted to the heights commanding the battered town, and ARVN commanders prepared for what may well be the climax of the Laotian campaign: a pitched battle with massed North Vietnamese forces. Tchepone bid fair to be the scene of one of the few set-piece battles of the war—reminiscent of the fierce Plei Me struggle of 1965, when two ARVN regiments, long before anybody talked about Viet-

namization, trounced a North Vietnamese force of equal strength. Some officials went so far as to talk of Tchepone as the potentially decisive battle of the Indochina war.

Already the Lam Son 719 bloodshed has reached a scale that Major General Frederick Weyand, the deputy U.S. commander in Saigon, describes as "worse than Tet." Even so, until last week the Laotian venture in some respects resembled what one Washington official describes as "an Alphonse-Gaston show. The South Vietnamese fought hard, but they also sat back and waited to see what the North Vietnamese would do. The North Vietnamese attacked outposts, but their main forces sat back and waited to see what the South Vietnamese would do."

Arms Linked. In resuming the advance, Saigon and its U.S. mentors were apparently seeking not only further disruption of the trail but also a badly needed military and psychological triumph. With a visible victory, some critics noted, the allies could call the whole operation a success and then call it off. What about the talk of severing the Ho Chi Minh Trail? "To really cut the trail," said a U.S. official, "you would have to have ARVN stretched from one Laotian border to the other with their arms linked." Nevertheless, most estimates indicate that truck movements along the trail have already been halved.

To get its offensive moving again, Saigon committed some 2,000 fresh marines to the Lam Son operation, bringing ARVN strength in Laos to more than 14,000; another 16,000 ARVN troops are in reserve in Quang Tri. The Communists, meanwhile, were throwing some formidable forces of their own into the Tchepone area. As many as 35,000 North Vietnamese regulars form a fan-shaped deployment west and northwest of the town, which U.S. bombers long ago reduced to rubble. In their bloody attacks on the ARVN hilltop positions on the eastern edge of the trail, the Communists used only PT-76 light tanks (and lost half the 80-odd PT-76s they had in



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MOURNING DEAD IN SAIGON
Dangerous, and getting more so.

the area). In the flatter terrain around Tchepone they will be able to use their fearsome 35-ton T-54 medium tanks. U.S. fighters and helicopters that ventured into the Tchepone area last week drew fire from new surface-to-air missiles—the first Communist SAMs that have ever been fired from outside North Viet Nam. In one day last week, Communist antiaircraft fire brought down 37 U.S. fighters; 30 damaged birds were later retrieved (see box). The enemy also began making things hotter for the allies in Cambodia: a surprise Communist attack on Kompong Som left much of the country's only oil refinery in flames.

While they prepared for the expected big battle near Tchepone, both sides stepped up their verbal gamesmanship. Would ARVN invade North Viet Nam? Hanoi has hinted repeatedly that such a move would bring China into the war. Nevertheless, for the third time in two weeks, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu suggested that ARVN might be "forced" to go north.

In Washington, President Nixon said that plans for the sort of U.S. air support essential to such an enterprise were "not under consideration." But he also refused to deny that Saigon might try to go it alone. Taking no chances, Hanoi called out the militia in Ha Tinh and Nghe An provinces in the North Vietnamese panhandle. Tanks and troops were rushed to form a defense line across the panhandle 90 miles north of the DMZ, while coastal towns were alerted to watch for ARVN landing craft.

Ky the Composer. Nixon, during his news conference, declared the Laos operation a "success" and quoted General Creighton W. Abrams, the U.S. commander in Saigon, as saying that it proves the South Vietnamese can "hack it." But some South Vietnamese, stunned by the growing number of bodies being shipped home for burial, were not as de-

lighted with the venture. The Saigon daily *Xay Dung* protested that as far as ARVN was concerned, the U.S. was guilty of "flying a kite and then cutting its string." In a speech last week, former Prime Minister Tran Van Huong claimed to be "amazed" at some of Lam Son's problems, including inadequate air supply and combat support. The suspicion was that Huong spoke at the bidding of the Thieu government, which has been prodding the U.S. command to provide more air support.

American pilots have already flown an impressive number of helicopter sorties in Laos (more than 26,000), but the 600 choppers assigned to Lam Son have been sorely taxed for several reasons. For one thing, Communist mines and ambushes have upset plans to supply the main ARVN column (10,000 men) on Route 9 by road. In combat, ARVN commanders have often been unable to spell out their needs in comprehensible English when faced with real trouble. Hill 31 was overrun largely because the first Cobra gunships on the scene carried no armor-piercing rockets; the ARVN officer who radioed for support forgot to mention that 20 snarling Communist tanks were churning up to his defense perimeter.

By now, U.S. and South Vietnamese commanders hope, most of the kinks have been worked out of Lam Son. Certainly, Saigon has not overlooked anything that might improve ARVN's chances in the fighting to come. Vice President Ky has even commissioned Vietnamese composers to fashion songs celebrating ARVN bravery, nobility and sacrifice. Whether they will be tunes of victory, too, remains to be seen.

The Colonel and the Lady

She planned on employing 400 women—200 for massages and 200 to sit in a big, dark side room and drink Cokes with the soldiers. After I saw them, I knew she had an awful lot more in mind for them than just sitting there and drinking.

Like some latter-day Yossarian, Retired Army Colonel Edmund Castle last week told a Senate investigating subcommittee of his final battle. His enemy was a perfumed, persistent Vietnamese entrepreneur named Madame Phuong, whose friends included some of the U.S. officers and service club noncoms under investigation by the Senate panel (TIME, March 8). Assigned to the massive 25-sq.-mi. Long Binh supply depot

as post commander in 1968, Castle discovered that Brigadier General Earl F. Cole, a deputy chief of staff at the depot, had authorized Mme. Phuong to open an on-post steam bath and massage parlor. Cole has since been demoted to colonel and stripped of his decorations by the Army for his part in Viet Nam service club frauds.

Flying Dragons. The steam bath, recalled Castle, "was a beautiful layout. I rode by every day watching it go up. I hadn't thought too much about it until one day . . . there were these big nude statues on the front. On an Army base, big bronze nudes! The first thought that entered my mind was, 'Oh my God, if TIME or LIFE or somebody comes by here, we've had it.'" I told Mme. Phuong that she had until 4 o'clock to get the nudes down or I would have my sergeant major there with a sledgehammer.

Castle also gave Mme. Phuong two hours to get the 200 Coke-sipping ladies off the post, and ordered her to take the doors off her massage rooms as a further bar to hanky-panky. In addition, he sent agents of the Criminal Investigation Division into the steam bath to keep an eye on what was happening. "I may not have had the best CID over there," he told amused Senators, "but I had the cleanest CID."

Polite Threats. Mme. Phuong did not give way easily. "She threatened me in a polite way," said Castle. "She said she had several general officer friends and she would go see them." Castle began to receive anonymous telephone threats. Eventually, the colonel was wounded in a Viet Cong attack on his depot and sent home.

Another witness, Major Clement E. St. Martin, told the subcommittee that when he protested the steam baths he was upbraided by former Sergeant Major William Woolridge, the Army's top noncom and one of six sergeants indicted for service club infractions. Woolridge menacingly asked St. Martin: "Don't you know you can get hurt?" St. Martin replied: "Let me remind you a major still outranks a sergeant." Not always. St. Martin is now executive officer of the armed forces induction center in Newark, N.J.—hardly the kind of assignment designed to further a career.

*TIME had upset Army brass with reports on prostitution parlors established by the Army in An Khe for the 21,000 troopers of the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division. It was not a TIME photographer, but Colonel Castle himself who supplied the photograph which appears on this page.

BRONZE NUDE ON FRONT OF LONG BINH STEAM BATH



But Who Hath Measured the Ground?

IT is no secret that several officers in the U.S. command's secret information-gathering center in Saigon keep Japanese-made "laughing bags" on their desks. The little battery-operated noise boxes emit an 18-second burst of hysterical laughter at the push of a button. Officers have been known to push the button during working hours—quite possibly in response to the latest batch of statistics to arrive from the battlefields or hamlets of Indochina.

The statistical body counts of enemy soldiers killed and wounded and reports of "secure" towns and villages are not exactly a laughing matter. They have played a major—and all too often misleading—role in the history of the Viet Nam War.

The U.S. command in Saigon, for example, announced last week that 708,544 enemy troops have been killed in Viet Nam since 1961—more than the total number of Communist troops estimated to be in all of Indochina at present (650,000). "If the figures are not true," says a U.S. embassy source in Saigon, "then we are not hitting them as hard as we think. If the figures are true, then they demonstrate a frightening commitment on the part of the enemy." In Cambodia, similarly, more than 22,500 Communists have been reported killed since the allied invasion began last April. Allowing for a ratio of two men wounded for every man killed, this would raise the number of enemy casualties to 67,500. But U.S. intelligence analysts estimate that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong started out with some 40,000 troops in Cambodia last April, that they now have slightly less than 60,000 there, and that the rate of reinforcement has not been exceptionally high since last spring.

The Viet Nam War, in short, has produced its own version of the Orwellian Newspeak: Newcount, TIME Correspondent David Greenway recalls overhearing an American company commander, whose men had just found three enemy bodies, discussing with his platoon leaders what number to report to the battalion commander. "They decided on 20," writes Greenway. "But when I got back to Danang, I found the figure sent to Saigon on this engagement had grown to 32."

In Laos last month, practically all 250 members of two companies of the ARVN 6th Airborne Battalion were killed or captured. Their loss has never been reported. One Vietnamese official said privately of ARVN officers: "They want to see how much the correspondents know before they provide the figures. The ratio is almost always said to be five enemy killed to one government soldier killed. We never get the real figure."

Helicopter loss figures seem no more

reliable. As of last week, reported the U.S. command, 38 helicopters had been lost over Laos in combat and two destroyed in a mid-air collision since Feb. 8. The fact is, about 200 helicopters had been lost over Laos by week's end. The command, it seems, reports only



VOGT WITH PIECE OF PIPELINE

those choppers that are totally destroyed and cannot be retrieved.

It is in the highly touted "Hamlet Evaluation System" that Newcount has reached its zenith. In late 1969, HES reported that 92.6% of the countryside was under government control. Amid general ridicule, the figure was "revised" to 87.9%. Last week President Thieu announced that 99.8% of the population and 99.4% of the hamlets and villages were controlled by the government. Yet

even if the hamlets rated A (for fully government-controlled), few ranking officials would care to spend the night lest the Communists stage a lethal raid.

The problem with such unreliable—and often deliberately falsified—figures is that they ultimately prove counterproductive. Pacification, for instance, has enjoyed considerable success so far. So has Vietnamization, though the reviews of that effort will necessarily be tentative for some time. But both have been merchandised with such hyperbole that skeptics tend to discount even legitimate claims.

Nor can anyone be sure to what extent the propagandization of statistics has influenced U.S. policymakers. As early as 1962, then Defense Secretary Robert McNamara said: "Every quantitative measurement we have shows we're winning this war." But those quantitative measurements had very likely been hoked up all along the line—from squad level to company to battalion and on up to McNamara's office.

The deception, sometimes deliberate, sometimes unintentional, has not ended. Two weeks ago, at a press conference called to justify the incursion into Laos, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Lieut. General John W. Vought Jr. displayed a hunk of the pipeline that carries gas from North Viet Nam down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They implied that it had been seized by the South Vietnamese during the current drive into Laos. Last week the Pentagon admitted that the piping had actually been brought back by South Vietnamese commandos after an earlier, unannounced raid. It "probably would have been better," Laird acknowledged, if he had made the true facts clear in the first place.

The most basic criticism of Newcount centers on the notion that success or defeat can be measured by counting bodies. South Vietnamese troops may well be doing better than their critics will ever willingly concede, but faked body counts and phony pacification figures are not the way to prove it. The North Vietnamese sustained three times as many casualties as the French at Dienbienphu. As a former U.S. adviser in Viet Nam notes, it is patently absurd to suppose that, "when the South Vietnamese are chasing each other aboard a helicopter to get off a hill, they are going to stop everything to say, 'And incidentally, sir, exactly 1,250 of the enemy lie dead outside these perimeters.'"

The situation calls to mind a line from Shakespeare's *Henry V*. When a messenger arrives with the dismaying news that the English are precisely 1,500 paces from the French army's tents at Agincourt, the Constable of France asks: "Who hath measured the ground?"

PAKISTAN

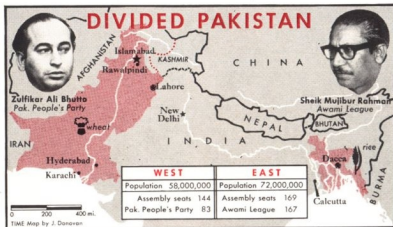
Jinnah's Fading Dream

If we begin to think of ourselves as Bengalis, Punjabis and Sindhis first, and Moslems and Pakistanis only incidentally, then Pakistan is bound to disintegrate.

—Mohammed Ali Jinnah, 1948

The blood was still flowing from the murderous communal clashes that followed the 1947 partition of the Indian subcontinent when Pakistan's founder gave voice to that fear. Last week blood flowed again as the world's fifth most populous nation (130 million), divided between a wheat-growing West with tall, light-skinned people and a rice-growing East with short dark-skinned people, moved ominously toward a breakup—or a civil war.

The man behind the impending split



is Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, the unchallenged political leader of the more populous, poverty-stricken, eastern segment. "Pakistan, as it stands today, is finished," Mujib told *TIME* Correspondent Dan Coggin in Dacca last week. "There is no longer any hope of a settlement." He urged that East and West Pakistan adopt separate constitutions, and that his followers refuse to pay taxes to the central government, which is situated in the West. He seemed on the brink of an outright declaration of independence for what he calls *Bangladesh* (Bengal State), which would become the world's eighth most populous nation. If Mujib should make such an announcement, open warfare might well erupt between the East Pakistanis and the estimated 60,000 army troops, mostly Westerners, in their midst.

Poles Apart. The crisis is an extension of the rioting over the central government's neglect of East Pakistan that helped force President Mohammed Ayub Khan to resign two years ago. Ayub's successor, authoritarian but fair-minded General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, held out hope that the long subservient East would have a greater voice in running the country.

Last December he held elections for a Constituent Assembly that would draft a new constitution—Pakistan's fourth since 1947. Yahya thought Sheikh Mujib and his restive Awami League would win perhaps 60% of the East's allotment of 169 seats in the 313-seat Constituent Assembly. The remaining East Pakistan delegates, Yahya figured, would align themselves with West Pakistani parties and prevent Mujib from winning majority control over the entire country. But in a stunning victory that amounted to a vote for wide-ranging autonomy, if not outright independence, Mujib's Awami League won 167 of the 169 seats and an overall majority in the Assembly.

Strengthened by the mandate, Mujib pressed a six-point program demanding that East Pakistan handle its own taxation, foreign trade and foreign aid, thereby bringing an end to the West's

tations to confer in Islamabad, the national capital located in the West. Yahya went to Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, and so did Bhutto. They got nowhere with Mujib, who warned stiffly that the minority would no longer rule the majority.

To Their Knees. Two days before the Constituent Assembly was set to convene in Dacca last week, Yahya postponed it indefinitely to give the political leaders a chance to reach an understanding. The postponement infuriated the Bengalis. "I am not imposing the six-point program on West Pakistan," declared Mujib, "but the people of Bangladesh are entitled to it, and they will have it." In protest, Mujib called an all-day general strike for the following day, and half-day strikes for the rest of the week, shutting offices, shops and factories and halting trains, planes and even rickshas. Angry mobs carrying bamboo staves, the weapon Mujib prescribes, roared "Joi Bangla!" (Victory to Bengal) through Dacca's seamy streets. At least 25 died in Dacca in clashes with soldiers; another 100 were killed at the port city of Chittagong. Mujib denounced the army shooting as an "unforgivable sin" and warned: "There will be civil war if they do not withdraw."

At week's end Yahya Khan announced in a radio broadcast that the Constituent Assembly would convene after all on March 25. "As long as I am in command of the armed forces, I will ensure the complete and absolute integrity of Pakistan." Nevertheless, it seemed doubtful that Yahya's decision to convene the assembly would pacify Mujib. Two days earlier, the East Pakistani leader said of the West Pakistanis: "I will break them and bring them to their knees." After such a statement, an outright declaration of independence could be little more than an anticlimax.

INDIA

Every Day St. Valentine's Day

Nowhere in India is poverty more painfully evident than in Calcutta, a begrimed slum of a city where 200,000 people sleep in the streets at night and an unskilled worker earns a pitiful two rupees (26¢) a day. India's largest metropolis (pop. 7,900,000), the capital of teeming West Bengal State, is also a place where artists and intellectuals thrive. Not surprisingly, in view of the intense pressures upon them, the all-consuming passion for this gifted and volatile people is politics. Put two Bengalis in a room and inevitably there is a heated political argument.

This week, as all of India goes to the polls to elect a new Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament), 18 parties in West Bengal are also contesting 280 seats in the state legislature. Political infighting has reached a murderous frenzy, especially in Calcutta. In "the packed and pestilential town," as Rudyard Kipling described it, every day is St. Valentine's Day and every side street as

longtime dominance, Mujib accuses West Pakistan, with 58 million people, of taking 70% of the nation's foreign aid and 70% of its imports, and of monopolizing 85% of the central bureaucracy and 90% of the army. By contrast, the more populous East Pakistan, with 72 million people, remains one of the world's most densely populated regions (1,400 per sq. mi.), one of the poorest (\$50 per capita income a year), and one of the most disaster-prone (last year's Ganges Delta cyclone killed as many as 500,000 East Pakistanis).

In West Pakistan, ex-Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and his Pakistan People's Party emerged as the strongest force, capturing 83 of 144 seats. Bhutto, 43, and Mujib, 48, are poles apart. Son of a wealthy feudal landowning family, Bhutto is pro-Chinese and anti-Indian; Mujib, product of a middle-class village family, is pro-Western and would like to make peace with India. More important, most of West Pakistan's capitalists, bureaucrats and army officers support Bhutto, who opposes Mujib's six points because they would destroy Pakistan's unity and his own ambitions.

Following the December elections, Mujib twice turned down Yahya's invi-

potentially lethal as the Chicago garage where seven gangsters were slaughtered by rival hoods in a Feb. 14, 1929, massacre. Since March of last year, when Bengal's coalition government collapsed and presidential rule was imposed by New Delhi, nearly 1,500 political murders have been committed.

Labyrinthine Lanes. Territories are staked out like turf in gang wars. Hoodlums have hired out as political killers. Even police dare not venture into many of Calcutta's labyrinthine lanes. On any given day, the newspapers may list half a dozen murders. One of the most vicious was that of Hermanta Basu, 75, a veteran leader of the All-India Forward Bloc, who had his throat cut last month as he was getting into a taxi.

The most bitter feuding is between the Marxist Communist Party of India, abbreviated as the CPI (M), and a break-away pro-Peking faction, the Marxist-Leninist Communist Party, or Naxalites. Their quarrel began in 1967 over land reform. The government had imposed a limit of 25 acres per person on rural land holdings, but many feudal aristocrats had got around the measure by parceling out land to armies of relatives. After court attempts to untangle the land-reform problem failed, Charu Mazumdar, a member of the Marxist group, instigated a peasant revolt in the Naxalbari region of West Bengal. The leaders of Mazumdar's own party, fearful that the peasant revolt would spread, sent in armed police to put down the uprising. At least eleven women and children were killed. "After that," as a Naxalite spokesman said, "nobody could stop the movement."

Since then, the Naxalites have moved into urban areas, establishing a large following among university students disenchanted with slim opportunities for employment. A guerrilla-type action group, they first moved to shut down schools and frequently attacked police. They denounced the current election as "treachery," put up no nominees of their own, and vowed to halt the balloting by knocking off candidates of other parties. So far, three have been killed, and the voting in their constituencies has been postponed.

One Ballot, One Bullet. To ensure orderly elections in West Bengal, the Delhi government has dispatched 30,000 army troops to supplement 70,000 police. Even so, one Marxist Communist Party member estimates that as many as 200 of his party may be killed on polling day. "They have written them off as expendable," explains another Bengali. Opponents of the Marxist Communists warn: "A ballot for the CPI (M) is a bullet for you." Marxist Communist Chief Jyoti Basu, meanwhile, has promised that if his party is returned to power it will crush the Naxalites. Anticipating a bloodbath, the Naxalites have been gathering arms and ammunition and have organized their own underground hospitals to care for their wounded. Whoever wins, Calcutta looks like a loser.

MIDDLE EAST

Tenacity and Trouble

Peace, like war, can attain a momentum of its own. This week, for the third time since the Middle East's guns fell silent seven months ago, a formal cease-fire between Egypt and Israel ran out. The two sides are still far from a formal peace, but they are growing used to an absence of war. Thus, when Egyptian President Anwar Sadat went before television cameras at Cairo's Kubbah Republican Palace at the beginning of the week, he was expected to rule out a formal extension of the cease-fire, but to make it plain that for the time being at least, there would be no renewal of fighting either.

A de facto rather than a formal cease-fire has its perils. But because it sets no deadline for the sides to worry over as they work, it may actually help hasten the snail's pace of Middle East negotiations. As one diplomat at the United Nations explained: "We've been spending two weeks on substance and then two weeks on getting another cease-fire."

No Conditions. In that situation, it is not surprising that little in the way of substance has been decided. Egypt last month put Israel on the defensive by agreeing for the first time to conclude a peace settlement and to extend formal recognition to its longtime adversary—provided the Israelis withdrew from all the territories captured during the Six-Day War of 1967. Israel, in reply, stated its willingness to pull back to secure negotiated boundaries but added that it had no intention of yielding all the territories.

Israel's position stalemated the peace talks being held under the aegis of United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant last

ORISIAN BIRD



SADAT STROLLING IN HIS CAIRO GARDEN
A job for the Marines.

week tactfully summed up the previous month's discussions by noting that "some further progress" had been made. But Thant added that a deadlock still existed and that Israel's lack of commitment on withdrawal made the situation one of increasing concern. In an effort to get the talks going again, the Big Four (Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the U.S.) held two meetings in Manhattan last week. They were unable to issue a communiqué at the close of their discussions, however, because

the U.S. and the Soviets could not agree on its wording. Washington, supported by Britain and France, pressed for continuation of the formal cease-fire; the Soviets wanted the statement to censure Israel.

Defending Israel's position, Foreign Minister Abba Eban argued that his government has steadfastly indicated its readiness to negotiate without any conditions; it was the Arabs, he said, who were setting preconditions by insisting on territorial changes before peace terms could be negotiated. Critics of that stance maintained that the Israelis, by announcing in advance that they had no intention of returning all of the occupied territories, were setting preconditions themselves.

Israel's policy is based on what Eban describes as "tenacity." In Eban's view,

EGYPTIAN BUNKER ON SUEZ CANAL



LANES
USED
BOOKS

875
5



Browsing through
a bookstall.
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Oldsmobile
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD



CANADA

Secret Ceremony

tenacity worked to bring the Arabs to the Jarring talks. Unable to win back their territories by war, Egyptians and Jordanians finally decided to bargain for them through Jarring. Now tenacity is being used to make Cairo more flexible on the borders issue. If Israel holds out long enough, Eban argues, it may convince Sadat that Egypt will have to negotiate earnestly and finally relinquish territories like Sharm el Sheikh, which Israel intends to retain.

To be successful, a policy based on tenacity depends on two things. One is sufficient Israeli military strength to forestall any large-scale resumption of shooting by the Arabs. Israel's military leaders believe that they possess such strength. They are convinced that Egypt's army and air force are not noticeably better than in '67, when they were decisively defeated. The Israelis also believe that the broad band of approximately 3,000 Soviet-built (and in many cases Soviet-manned) SA-2 and SA-3 missiles on Egypt's side of the Suez Canal can be neutralized—though they do not say how—and that direct Russian intervention is unlikely.

Strenuous Argument. The second requirement for a policy of tenacity is a lack of pressure from Washington. Israelis were heartened last week by President Nixon's press-conference promise that the U.S. still has no intention of imposing a peace settlement on Israel. Nixon also indicated that his Administration would never withhold arms from Israel because to do so would be to upset the military balance that has helped to prevent all-out war in the incendiary area.

That is not to say, however, that the U.S. is exerting no pressure at all. Although Washington officially denies it, sources in Cairo said the State Department has assured Sadat that the U.S. is doing its utmost to coax the Israelis into a more flexible position. Israel Galili, a Cabinet Minister Without Portfolio and one of Premier Golda Meir's closest advisers, admitted that the U.S. and Israel are engaged in "a strenuous argument." And the U.S. has let the Israelis know—"not as a threat but as a fact," as an American official put it—that Israel's unyielding attitude in discussions with Gunnar Jarring is making it increasingly difficult for Washington to prevent the Security Council from getting involved. This is the last thing the Israelis want, for the council would probably try to force an unacceptable settlement on them.

In any case, the U.S. would need to apply considerably more pressure than it is now exerting if it expects to persuade the Israelis to change their position on issues affecting what they deem to be their basic security and survival amid unfriendly neighbors. "If they send the Marines," Defense Minister Moshe Dayan smilingly advised, "I would suggest that we give in." At this point, though, nothing less than the Marines seems capable of budging the Israelis.

Pierre Trudeau was behaving strangely indeed. At a Toronto fund-raising dinner, he delivered a speech on women's rights—a subject that had not overly concerned Canada's bachelor Prime Minister in the past. The next morning, during his regular Thursday Cabinet meeting in Ottawa, he announced that he was taking a few days off to go skiing. The news surprised the ministers, since Trudeau had always been so sensitive about his personal life that he did not even disclose weekend plans to his closest associates.

Later in the day, a news flash from Vancouver, B.C., explained everything. In a simple Roman Catholic ceremony

gust, Margaret returned to Vancouver and began perfecting her French. An Anglican, she also took instruction to become a Catholic. "She went into it cold-bloodedly," knowing exactly what she was doing," said her mother.

The wedding preparations were made in great secrecy. Margaret's four sisters were asked to come home on the pretense that a family portrait was to be taken. The priest and registry-office workers were pledged to secrecy. A photographer was engaged to take wedding pictures of "a gentleman from France named Pierre Mercier." Meanwhile, Trudeau invited his brother Charles and family to join him aboard his JetStar for a skiing holiday. Trudeau's invalid mother knew of the marriage but remained at home in Montreal.

After a double-ring ceremony, Trudeau and his bride went to a small reception at the Capilano Country Club in Vancouver, then were driven off in an unmarked police car for a few days of skiing at the Sinclairs' lodge on Whistler Mountain outside Vancouver.

Reaction to the Prime Minister's marriage was mostly favorable. Would Trudeau's departure from the ranks of the swinging singles cost him votes—especially among the ladies? Not necessarily. With rumors of a fall election circulating in Ottawa, it would not hurt at the polls if Mrs. Trudeau were pregnant by, say, August.



TRUDEAU & MARGARET LEAVING RECEPTION

attended only by the immediate families and one aide, Trudeau, a well-tended 51, took as his bride Margaret Sinclair, 22, a slim, beautiful brunette who is the daughter of former Fisheries Minister James Sinclair.

Trudeau met Margaret three years ago at a Club Méditerranée resort in Tahiti. In March 1968, while he was campaigning in Vancouver for the Liberal Party leadership, Margaret stepped from a crowd of admirers and planted kisses on his cheeks. Her act started the craze that saw Canada's future Prime Minister kissed from coast to coast during the campaign. It also renewed their friendship. After graduating from British Columbia's Simon Fraser University with a major in sociology, Margaret in late 1969 moved to Ottawa, where she took a government job as a researcher in unemployment problems; that is a subject that haunts her new husband, since Canada's jobless rate has risen to 8%. She often joined Trudeau for private dinners.

Even so, their names were not linked romantically, perhaps because Trudeau was also squiring so many other women. He brought Barbra Streisand to Ottawa and waved to her from the floor of the House of Commons. Last Au-

HONEYMOONING ON THE SLOPES



BRITAIN

Running Out of Sea Room

"We're like a destroyer heading full-steam towards the shore," said a close associate of Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath last week. "There's only so much sea room, and it's running out fast." Winter usually brings snarls to otherwise stiff British upper lips, but there is a mood of discontent and even despair in Britain today that is unlikely to disappear, as it normally does, with the first daffodils.

The stock market is at its lowest level in four years, and some stockbrokers are speaking of the prospect of a "horrible slide." Unemployment is the worst in 31 years, with 721,000 people out of work, 70,000 of them executives. The second largest auto insurance firm, Vehicle and General Insurance, has followed Rolls-Royce into bankruptcy—leaving one-tenth of Britain's drivers unprotected. The nation's largest industrial complex, Imperial Chemical Industries, plans to reduce its investments in Britain by some 25% over the next three years. Other investment cuts are expected in the petroleum, shipbuilding, motor and engineering industries. One notable light industry—the Rolling Stones—is emigrating to France to get away from it all. Inflation is running at nearly 9% a year, while the economy is growing by a paltry 1.1%. The one bright spot is the nation's balance of payments, which is expected to show another surplus this year, of around \$1.4 billion.

Angry Silence. Deepening the malaise is what London's newspapers call the "angry silence" between the workman and the Tory government. Few expect this week's scheduled meeting between Heath and Trades Union Congress Leader Victor Feather to start a real dialogue. Even if the seven-week strike of the 230,000-member Union of Post Office Workers ends this week as anticipated, by the end of April the number of working days lost in British industry may exceed the total of 10,970,000 for all of last year. That would be the worst record since the great General Strike of 1926. Last week a one-day protest strike against Heath's proposed Industrial Relations Bill—designed to curtail wildcat strikes by making union contracts legally binding—in-



"PLEASE SAY SOMETHING, SIR, EVEN IF IT'S ONLY 'GOODBYE!'"

involved more than 1,200,000 workers. Another such walkout is planned for next week.

The postal workers' walkout has proved particularly grating. Everyone lost something, except for a handful of enterprising chaps who set up emergency mail-carrying services for high fees. When extravagantly mustached Union Leader Tom Jackson tearfully asked postal workers in Hyde Park last week to return to their appointed rounds while a three-man board studied their demands, he was booed for five solid minutes. The postmen, who were demanding a 13% increase in their weekly pay, which now runs from \$36 to \$66 (the Post Office offered 8%), had lost nearly \$432 per man. The Post Office has suffered a net loss of nearly \$72 million, and it is estimated that it will take at least six weeks to clear up the backlog of mail.

Small businesses, mail order firms, publishing houses, the football pools, charities and all manner of shopkeepers suffered. Britain's Save the Children Fund, which helps needy youngsters in 46 countries, estimated that the strike had cost it \$180,000. Britain's newspapers lost nearly \$12 million in advertising: two of them, the ailing *Daily Sketch* and *Daily Mail*, announced their proposed merger—a long-discussed union doubtless hastened by the strike. Sutton & Sons, a seed company that does its business by mail, puts its daily loss at \$24,000. Littlewoods, the huge football-pools outfit, has had to lay off

8,000 of its 12,500-man staff. Few doubt that there will be a wave of bankruptcies reported at strike's end unless major banks can come to the rescue.

Kill or Cure. The capitulation of the postal union's leadership is being hailed as a victory for Ted Heath's hard-line stand against inflationary wage demands. After Heath's apparent victory over the Electrical Trade Union workers in December, though, a board of inquiry subsequently gave the workers much more than they had expected. Britain's bobbies have just won a 16.5% wage hike—well above Heath's 10% limit. Now the nation's 230,000 railwaymen are pressing for a 15% to 25% increase, and London's 26,000 busmen are negotiating for a 25% rise in wages.

There are those—the great bulk of conservatives, much of the middle class, some businessmen and the parliamentary majority—who still resolutely believe that Heath's kill-or-cure economic strategy is the right one: meet the unions head-on and allow a few mismanaged major companies to go under. Says one young Tory M.P. with typical sangfroid: "We knew it was going to get worse before it got better." While it is getting worse, more and more of the country is losing confidence in Heath's policies. Last month's Gallup poll indicated that Labor now enjoys a 7½% margin in popularity over the Tories and that three out of every four Britons are dissatisfied with the government's inability to control rising prices. Given the profoundly anguished mood of many Britons today, the question may be: Will Heath's shock therapy cure the patient or send him into a coma?

"COME ON, CHIN UP OLD CHAP—THINGS CAN'T BE AS BAD AS THAT!"



NORWAY

The Price of a Lie

It sometimes seems that elected officials can get away with a good deal of wrongdoing, as long as they honestly own up to their sins when they are caught. Let a politician be trapped in a bold-faced lie, however, and he may well be finished. Britain's War Minister John Profumo learned that lesson eight years ago when he falsely assured Parliament that he had never consorted with a tart named Christine Keeler.

Last week another and more prosaic lie proved the undoing of Norway's chunky, affable and usually adroit Prime Minister Per Borten, 57.

Aboard a Scandinavian Airlines flight from Oslo to Copenhagen last month, Borten handed a document marked *fortrolig* (confidential) to another passenger, saying: "This is interesting. Read it." The document was a report indicating that the European Economic Community would probably balk at the special terms Norway demands as a condition of its entry into the Common Market. The other passenger was Norway's leading Common Market opponent, Arne Haugestad, head of a pressure group called the People's Resistance Movement Against Membership in the EEC. "For your private information," Borten cautioned as he gave the paper to Haugestad.

Within four days, the gist of the report was in the papers, and rumors soon followed that the Prime Minister himself was responsible for the leak. Borten, who had successfully headed Norway's four-party nonsocialist governing coalition since 1965, after 30 years of Labor Party rule, vigorously denied the story. But newsmen knew that he and Haugestad had met on the plane, and the rumors persisted. Finally, in a midnight declaration, Borten admitted that he had shown the report to Haugestad. "I have been guilty of an indiscretion," he confessed. Last week, after a series of emergency Cabinet meetings, Borten handed his resignation to King Olav V. Kjell Bondevik, 70, Church and Education Minister in Borten's Cabinet, agreed to try to form a new government.

The incident brought to a head the issue of whether Norwegians want to join the Common Market at all. All parties officially favor negotiations over membership, and Norway really has no choice if Britain, its best customer outside the EEC, joins. But some groups are opposed. Fishermen vociferously oppose the Common Market rule of sharing inshore fishing grounds. Norway's heavily subsidized farmers, the core of Borten's Center Party constituency, fear that their income would drop as much as 40% or 50% if they had to compete with French and German producers. Borten himself would prefer to see Norway aligned with Sweden, Denmark and Finland in the abortive but still discussed Nordsek economic grouping. In any case, Borten's abrupt departure may only be a foretaste of political battles to come among Common Market outsiders who must decide whether the benefits of membership are worth the initiation fee.

LIECHTENSTEIN Keeping Up with Kuwait

Women's suffrage? Not a soul in the postage-stamp principality of Liechtenstein (pop. 22,000) would dare admit to being against it. All three newspapers supported it. Every automobile in sight had a sticker reading I'M FOR IT. Dozens of reporters searched for days without finding a single man who would speak out in opposition. Yet last week, when Liechtenstein's conservative, German-speaking male voters went to the polls, only 1,817 said *ja*, while 1,897 voted *nein*.

Occupying only 62 square miles in the mountains between Austria and Switzerland, Liechtenstein has few but varied claims to fame. It is ruled by a prince from one of Europe's oldest royal families and is the world's sec-

PIERRE HURELLEN



LIECHTENSTEIN WOMEN MAKING FALSE TEETH
Gnashing at the naysayers.

ond and largest producer of false teeth (after the U.S.). It has no currency of its own, nor does it have soldiers, unemployment, slums or airports. Last week's vote left Liechtenstein another distinction: it is the only European country without female suffrage, leaving it in the same category as Jordan, Kuwait, Northern Nigeria, Yemen and Saudi Arabia (where men cannot vote either). Some Liechtensteins saw the outcome less as a rejection of women than as a gesture of independence from Switzerland, which granted suffrage to women by a 2-to-1 majority only last month.

For the most part, the still disenfranchised ladies accepted their fate stolidly. But some miniskirted militants demonstrated in Vaduz and smaller towns, booing male pedestrians and carrying placards inscribed: MEN OF LIECHTENSTEIN, WHERE'S YOUR VIRILITY?

TERRORISM

Ransoms for Revolution

Kidnaping is on the rise in widely scattered corners of the world. For urban guerrillas, it has proved an effective method of springing fellow terrorists from prison, or of collecting huge ransoms with which to fatten revolutionary war chests.

IN TURKEY, an ambitious plot was carried out by kidnapers who identified themselves as members of the Turkish People's Liberation Army—a previously unknown group probably related to a Maoist student organization called the Dev-genc (TIME, March 1). The kidnapers seized four U.S. servicemen near Ankara and demanded \$400,000; otherwise, they said, their American prisoners would be executed by a firing squad.

Afraid that the latest incident could bring down his shaky government, Premier Süleyman Demirel ordered troops to raid Middle East Technical University outside Ankara, a center of leftist student activity. Students threw sticks of dynamite and fired pistols from dormitory roofs; one student and one soldier were killed. Disturbances erupted elsewhere in Ankara as college and high school students went on a rampage, and Demirel reluctantly considered imposing martial law. The reason he hesitated was that his Justice Party has a narrow margin in Parliament (225 to 220), and its rejection of a proposal to proclaim martial law would be tantamount to a vote of no confidence. At week's end the fate of the airmen was still unknown.

IN VENEZUELA, Banker Enrique Dao was ransomed last week for \$440,000. In a separate incident, Department Store Owner Jacobo Tauriel paid \$900,000 to a terrorist group for the release of his 13-year-old son León. Police later captured eight alleged kidnapers and recovered Tauriel's money. Only 14 months ago, Tauriel paid \$150,000 to a different group of guerrillas in exchange for León's life.

IN URUGUAY, two weeks ago, Tupamaro guerrillas released Brazilian Consul General Aloysio Mares Dias Gomide after his wife paid them some \$250,000, which she collected during a fund-raising tour of Brazil. Last week the Tupamaros surrendered another of their victims—without charge. After seven months in the Tupamaros' "people's prison," Dr. Claude Fly, 65, an American agronomist, was left outside a Montevideo hospital, his eyes taped over and two electrocardiograms at his side, along with a clinical report indicating that he had suffered a heart attack eight days earlier.

Apparently worried that Fly might die, the Tupamaros seized an Uruguayan cardiologist and ordered him to examine their captive. Then, abandoning their demands for \$1,000,000 in ransom, they released Fly. Still in Tupamaros' hands is British Ambassador Geoffrey Jackson, who also has a coronary condition.

PEOPLE

Democratic quasi Candidate **Ed Muskie** is being flicked by the pointed tongue of ex-Senator **Gene McCarthy**. Muskie is so ponderous about making up his mind, McCarthy is telling his friends, that if he had been **Paul Revere** he would have yelled: "The British were here, the British were here!"

Kicking off their first British concert series in 41 years, the **Rolling Stones** announced last week that it would be a "Farewell to Britain" tour. The Stones are rolling over to the south of France to live because, said Leader **Mick Jagger**, "We felt a change of scene, temperature and climate would be good for us." A tax maneuver? "There's nothing to be gained or lost by it," said 27-year-old Jagger, though several British tax experts insist that the move will have definite fiscal advantages for the quintet, which has earned many millions during the past nine years. The Stones are rumored to have already bought a villa near Cannes.

"Welcome to Pickfair," said the thin, halting voice on the tape recorder. "Thank you for the good things you've said about me in the past." **Mary Pickford**—superstar of the century's teens and 20s, whose ringlets and little-girl look and marriage to Fellow Superstar **Douglas Fairbanks** made her "America's Sweetheart"—was greeting reporters at her Beverly Hills mansion. But not in person. Now 77 and operated on two years ago for cataracts, she carefully stayed out of sight while her husband of 33 years, Bandleader **Buddy Rogers**, 64, announced the re-release of a dozen of her old silent films. Among them: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1917), *Daddy Long Legs* (1919), and *Pollyanna* (1920).

FAIRBANKS & PICKFORD



BACALL & BOGART
Out of patience.

Just as the word *casbah* brings to mind **Charles Boyer's** sexily sinister invitation to accompany him there, the name *Casablanca* evokes the gravelly command of **Humphrey Bogart**: "Play it again, Sam." So it seemed like a good idea to Pan American Airways to advertise its flight to Casablanca with a movie still of the late **Bogey** and those immortal words. To his widow **Lauren Bacall**, though, it seemed like a lousy idea. "Is there no limit to what people will do to make a buck?" she snarled. "It's the worst sort of invasion of privacy. Bogart didn't do this sort of advertising when he was alive, so why should they be able to make him do it when he is dead? How dare they!" The airline pointed out that permission had been obtained from the copyright owners, but it withdrew the ad anyway. Said a Pan Am spokesman: "We don't want to cause anybody any upset."

It was wrangle time in the literary jungle. First blood was drawn when the National Book Awards' fiction judges refused to list **Erich Segal's** bestseller *Love Story*. Poet **Allen Ginsberg**, one of the five poetry judges, made known his disgust with his fellow panelists' selection of **Mona Van Duyn's** *To See, To Take* by burning incense during the award announcements and castigating the choice as "ignominious, insensitive and mediocre." Miss Van Duyn riposted with a metaphor about a rest-room wall covered with dirty words along with a heart enclosing the names of lovers. "I notice the obscenities but write about the heart and the lovers," she said. "Ginsberg notices the heart but writes about the obscenities." In another part of the forest, **Kurt Vonnegut Jr.** genially kidded the grandstanding proclivities of **Norman Mailer**. "I think it's vulgar to hog the news to the ex-

tent Mailer does," he told a seminar. As to why Mailer does it, Vonnegut said that he has found that "careers last 20 years. It's true of baseball players and chess masters, so you see it has nothing to do with brains. It's some kind of general deterioration of the metabolism. Mailer is smart. He's turned to journalism."

Dr. Henry Withers, a general practitioner with a large practice in Houston, also serves as VIP-only physician on call for the city's swanky Warwick Hotel. One night recently he got a call from a frantic guest, **Martha Mitchell**. Her daughter **Marty**, 10, had a sore throat and fever. When the good doctor turned up, Martha turned up her nose. "He looked like a busboy," she said later. "His hair was frazzled. He had on funny-looking clothes." Withers says he thought he looked "pretty nice. I had showered, I had on a new sports coat, new slacks." When he refused Mrs. Mitchell's request to consult by phone with another doctor, Withers claims, Mrs. Mitchell said: "I'll just call the President." Martha explains: "I'd have called anybody. She's my only little girl." Withers eventually examined Marty and said that he found her sleepy though not seriously ill, but Martha took her to a hospital, where she stayed for four days.

How did she do it? **Elizabeth Taylor's** crash program for getting her amplitude into shape for hot pants is said to have included a regimen of grapefruit juice, steak and vitamin B. The new, attenuated Taylor left London last week with Husband **Richard Burton** for a holiday in Switzerland and the U.S. Burton, who is taking a percentage rather than a salary for his soon to be released film *Villain*, then plans to begin "hovering," as he puts it, "over the box office return like a Welsh bird of prey."

THE NEW TAYLOR



THE PRESS

Hang-Up at Harper's

"I don't feel the professional life of an editor ought to last a whole lifetime," said Willie Morris some time after he became editor in chief of *Harper's* in 1967. "Ten years is long enough." As it turned out, his tenure lasted less than four. Last week Morris submitted his resignation, and he was amazed to have it quickly accepted.

Morris departed with a new and bitter aphorism: "It all boiled down to the money men and the literary men. And, as always, the money men won." At *Harper's*, which has run in the red the past three years, the chief moneyman is Publisher William S. Blair. The showdown between them came two weeks ago at a regularly scheduled busi-

MARTHA HOLMES



EX-EDITOR MORRIS
Retiring to his novel.

ness meeting in Minneapolis, where Morris found himself faced with a 21-page memorandum submitted by Blair, most of it critical of the magazine's editorial performance. Blair's attack was based largely on economics, but some of the discussion went farther. "Who are you editing this magazine for?" asked someone sharply. "A bunch of hippies?" Morris recalls that "in three and one-half hours, I didn't hear a single good word about my magazine."

He had not heard many from Blair from the time *Harper's* Chairman John Cowles Jr. put Blair in the publisher's seat in 1968. Blair wanted *Harper's* to reduce its circulation (currently 359,000) and cut the promotion budget for financial reasons. Morris insisted on continued innovative content aimed at expanding the circulation.

Last week, the battle lost, Morris wrote his resignation and mailed it to

Cowles in Minneapolis. He heard of its acceptance thirdhand—from staffers who had been told by Blair, who had been informed by Cowles. Morris called Cowles to protest, but in vain. Then, in a public statement of resignation, he deplored what he called "cavalier treatment by business managers of America's most distinguished magazine."

Out with Mailer. The downfall of Willie Morris was precipitated in large degree by a prominently displayed, controversial article by Norman Mailer in the current *Harper's* (TIME, Feb. 22). Mailer takes up most of the issue with his caustic treatment of Women's Liberation in general and Kate Millett in particular. The article is loaded with explicit sexual references and slang more familiar to college bull sessions than to *Harper's*. Morris knew he was taking a chance by printing it. Running the Mailer piece, he says, was "the biggest editorial risk of my life, but

ARTHUR RAGER



CHAIRMAN COWLES
Surviving his sadness.

I didn't think it would be the end of me."

Mailer characterized Morris' departure as "the most depressing event in American letters in many a year. Under Willie's editorship, *Harper's* has been the boldest and most adventurous magazine in America. It's damned depressing to feel that another man gets hit because of you. I know I'm not going to write for *Harper's* anymore." At the beginning of his tenure at *Harper's*, Morris published Mailer's "On the Steps of the Pentagon," which subsequently won a Pulitzer Prize in book form as *Armies of the Night*. Last week Morris said: "If I can go in with Mailer, I'll go out with Mailer."

Harper's Executive Editor Midge Dec-

ter decided to go out with Morris, and resigned. Other staffers wavered. "I just don't know what I'm going to do," said Contributing Editor David Halberstam. "Willie took a musty, dying magazine and made it brilliant and unpredictable. It was a sheer delight to work for him. He was the best editor I ever had." Even John Cowles said he had a "feeling of sadness" at Morris' resignation, though he did nothing to forestall it.

A soft-spoken but strong-willed Mississippian, Morris cut his teeth on controversy in Texas, where, as editor of the University of Texas newspaper, he accused the Governor and legislators of collusion with oil and gas interests. Later, he continued his muckraking on a feisty weekly called the *Texas Observer*; *Harper's* hired him from the *Observer* as an editor. Four years later, at 32, he became the youngest editor in chief in the history of the oldest U.S. lit-

MARTHA HOLMES



PUBLISHER BLAIR
Reducing his circulation.

erary magazine. Morris said then that he felt "part of the tradition here." He nourished that tradition by publishing the works of some major and unconventional writers. Not only Mailer but William Styron, Arthur Miller and J. Kenneth Galbraith have written for *Harper's* under Morris' editorship. He labored hard within the limits of Blair's budgets to pay for the talent he sought, and the rule of thumb of \$1,000 an article rose to \$10,000 on occasion.

Morris admits that he will miss the prestige, parties and publicity that go with the top job at *Harper's*. "I wanted to go into my office," he said, near tears, "to see my friends, to start laying out next month's issue. All together, I gave eight years to making *Harper's* the best. God, how I'm going to miss it." While John Cowles searches for his successor, Morris plans to retire to Long Island to finish a novel.

THE LAW

Is This Strict Construction?

Despite its growing reputation for splintered decisions, judicial restraint and conservatism, the Burger Court last week confounded the instant image makers. In two decisions that drew only a single dissent, the court expanded the constitutional rights of the poor, continuing a trend that typified the heyday of Supreme Court liberalism under Chief Justice Earl Warren.

In a unanimous decision, the court held that states cannot jail a man solely because he is too poor to pay a traffic fine. At issue was the case of Preston A. Tate, a Houston laborer and chronic scofflaw who had been fined \$425 for nine traffic offenses. Unable to ante up, Tate was sent to a prison farm to work off his fine because, he said in a habeas corpus petition, "I am too poor."

The court in finding Tate's imprisonment a violation of his right to equal protection of the laws, sharply limited the traditional power of American judges to sentence poor defendants to "\$30 or 30 days." The Constitution, said Justice William Brennan, forbids states to "limit the punishment to payment of the fine if one is able to pay, yet convert the fine into a prison term for an indigent defendant." In taking away the jail alternative, Brennan suggested various other means in which courts might deal with the poor, including the collection of fines on an installment plan.

Blistering Dissent. On a related poverty question, the court ruled that indigents who want divorces do not have to pay fees to start proceedings. Since marriage is so basic and the state has a monopoly on the means to divorce, said Justice John Harlan for the majority, the Constitution's due-process clause prohibits any state "from denying, sole-

ALFRED STATLER



BUFFS AT MORNING MUSTER
Professorial spectators for the hams.

ly because of inability to pay, access to its courts to individuals who seek judicial dissolution of their marriages." The victors in the class action were eight New Haven women, all on welfare, who wanted to divorce their husbands but could not raise the average \$60 that is necessary for filing fees and court costs.

"If ever there has been a looser construction of the Constitution in this court's history," said Justice Hugo Black in a blistering ad lib accompanying his written dissent, "I fail to think what it is." Black drew a sharp distinction between the protected rights of poor criminal defendants brought to court against their will and the private, civil claims of the impoverished who come into court on their own. Black predicted that the decision will encourage divorcees at taxpayers' expense and lead to a future court-imposed right to counsel for the poor in divorce and other civil proceedings. "Is this strict construction?" he asked. The court's most avowed "strict constructionists," Chief Justice Burger and Justice Blackmun, sat in stony silence.

The Second Jury

Almost every American courthouse has its group of hangers-on—unofficial legal scholars who keep a critical eye on judges, lawyers, jurors and witnesses. To discover who those people are, TIME Correspondent Leonard Levitt recently prowled the corridors of the New York State Supreme Court building in Brooklyn. He found amateur philosophers, sensation seekers—and a surprising amount of legal expertise. His report:

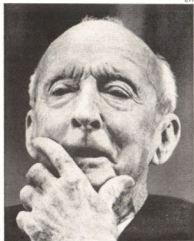
Most buffs arrive at the courthouse at 10:30 a.m.—the subway charges half fare for the elderly after 10. Before the

cases get going, 30 or 40 of them—all retired men—gather in the hallways pondering the day's entertainment schedule with a precision achieved through years of experience. They study the court calendar. They bring in clippings of trials from the *Daily News*. "Well, there's a good murder on the ninth floor," announces one. "Student killed his mother-in-law." "There's a good hijacking," says another. "The lawyer's good. Handles a lot of Mafia cases. They get a lot of money, these Mafia lawyers."

The mention of lawyers provokes a heated discussion about prosecutors. "There's a guy named Davenport." "Yeah, he's good but Schmier sums up better." "This Brownstein is not bad." "Then there's this kid Belson. He's just 27, but we think he'll go a long way." As for defense lawyers, the buffs' favorite by far is F. Lee Bailey. "When he sums up, he doesn't even have notes," says Louis Richter, 67, a retired clerk for American Express. "He does it all from his head. Oh, he's good. He's the best there is."

95% Right. Coming to court daily has become a way of life for most of the courtroom buffs. "Many of the men are widowers," says Richter. "They seek companionship here." "The main thing," adds Morris Asher, 73, a former machine operator, "is that you get up in the morning and have a place to go. If a fellow we know doesn't show up, then we get worried." Some buffs achieve the ultimate: defense attorneys and prosecutors actually seek their opinion, not on legal strategy, but on the reactions to be expected from judges and juries. According to Salvatore Pampinella, 78, who boasts that he has not missed a day in court in 25 years: "We call nine out of ten decisions right."

Others give the buffs an even higher



JUSTICE BLACK
Installment-plan fines.

rating. "I'd say they are 95% accurate," says Brooklyn Assistant District Attorney Benjamin Schmier. "You go out into the hallways during a courtroom recess and hear them discussing cases. You'd think you were listening to a Harvard professor. A couple of months ago, I had a prosecution witness from the underworld who I thought had been terrific. I asked the buffs, and they said they didn't believe him. Sure enough, the defendant was acquitted."

Legal Aid Society Attorney Ruth Moskowitz likes them for another reason. "Let's face it, all lawyers are hams. We do better when there are spectators." Adds Prosecutor Schmier: "I value them as much as I do my own witnesses. I circulate among them during recesses and use them as a sounding board. I call them my second jury. If I can't sell a witness to them, then how can I sell him to my first jury?"

Renewable Marriage

"Until death do us part" is a section of the marriage vow that has long since become subject to amendment. But even divorce will be unnecessary for marital termination—at least in Maryland—if two state legislators can persuade their colleagues to pass a newly proposed law. It calls for making marriage a three-year contract, with an option to renew every three years by the mutual consent of both partners. Any disagreements over alimony, child custody and the like would be settled by a court as they are now.

The bill's sponsors are Mrs. Lena K. Lee, 58, a widowed lawyer who was happily married for 22 years, and Mrs. Hildagarde Boswell, 37, a divorced law student who was unhappily married for four months. Both women, who are Baltimore Democrats and black, deny any Women's Lib connection and do not expect the bill to gain passage this year. So far, most of the other legislators are treating the bill as a joke (typical crack: "I'd vote for it, but my wife won't let me"). But the two women have already received a variety of serious inquiries about their idea from all over the U.S. as well as five other countries.

"We have to offer something more than the same archaic marriage pattern, the same mind-draining guilt," says Mrs. Boswell. "This bill is particularly aimed at helping youth," adds Mrs. Lee. "Across the country today, young people are living together, 'shacking up,' as they call it, and disregarding old-style marriage vows. We're also hearing from many older people who were victimized by the present divorce setup. Personally, I'm for marriage—mine was a success—but marriage is under threat. Let's find out what it takes to adapt or modify it to a new generation's needs." The two plan to keep on reintroducing their bill until it passes—or they are not re-elected. Their own renewable contract with the voters is good for four years at a time.

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ENVIRONMENT

Dark Days in Sunny Italy

For 700 years, four gilded bronze horses have majestically guarded St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice. The horses survived Napoleon's looting armies and two world wars, but not the dirty air generated by petrochemical plants on Venice's mainland. The bronze is now so pitted and weakened that the horses must be removed from St. Mark's Square. Humans are removing themselves as well. The young in particular are fleeing, and Venice may soon resemble a crumbling geriatric ward.

What is happening to Venice is symptomatic of a widespread malaise: much of Italy has become an environmental disaster area. About 85% of the country's 5,000-mile shoreline is polluted by oil spills and industrial wastes, plus the vinyl bags in which Italians wrap their garbage and then blithely dump it, littering the land and the once lovely beaches. Moreover, 80% of Italy's coastal cities have no sewage-treatment facilities. Even Milan, Italy's second largest city, has no such plant. Most wastes—industrial as well as human—are simply dumped into local rivers, which then strew filth into the Adriatic Sea. Flowing southeast from industrial Turin, the River Po alone dirties the Adriatic with effluents equivalent to those of more than 4,000,000 people.

Deadly Fumes. Because the Adriatic and the Mediterranean are fed mainly by such rivers, some scientists fear that even the seas may soon become irreversibly polluted. French Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau has predicted that the Mediterranean may be devoid of any life up to 25 miles out from its coasts within two or three generations.

Italy's other major problem is the automobile. In 1960, the country had 2,500,000 autos; now it has more than

10 million—an average density of 86 cars per sq. mi., v. 24 in the U.S. At the current growth rate, Rome will have enough cars to cover every foot of road surface by 1977. Because most urban Italians go home for lunch, city traffic is thickened by four horrendous rush hours a day. Auto fumes have already reached dangerous levels, partly because Italian automakers, like other European automakers, are not yet required to install emission controls. Last month the sulfur-dioxide reading in Milan hit more than two parts per million. In London in 1952, a level of 1.34 p.p.m. caused 4,000 deaths.

London cleaned its air by enacting tough antipollution laws. Milan, like the rest of Italy, is just now getting around to considering environmental legislation. Laws are severely overdue to control, for example, the unregulated building boom that threatens to turn much of Italy into a concrete wilderness. "There is not the slightest evidence of conscience or concern for the future," complains Conservationist Antonio Cederna. "Every protest suffocates against the mattress of political inertia." A spokesman for the powerful Farmers Union warns that unchecked water pollution has cut the production of fodder by 60% and increased mortality among cattle. Though industry is hardly the sole culprit in polluting Italy's waterways, he says, "it is necessary that certain industries stop acting like the cat who hides its own dirt with its paws."

The Italian government has been notoriously slow in prosecuting polluters, even slower in legislating to protect the environment. Noxious airborne chemicals continue to suffocate great swaths of Italy's famous umbrella pines. Rank upon rank of concrete box apartments and factories march into the countryside, sprouting on beaches and even in "protected" national parks. Most Italian pol-

iticians are still afraid to curb such destructive practices because, in a country with high unemployment, construction provides needed jobs.

Italy does have ardent conservation groups like the Rome-based *Italia Nostra* (Our Italy), which has prodded the government into curbing commercial development in at least one of Italy's forest areas. Now the public, the courts and regional governments are beginning to stir. A Rome magistrate, for example, has ordered Mayor Clelio Darida to install equipment to treat the city's sewage, much of which now flows raw into the River Tiber, or spend three months in jail for every day he fails to fulfill the order. Such a system, say city engineers, will cost \$160 million and take at least five years to complete. Moans Mayor Darida: "I may have to go to the clink for 35 years" (a low estimate).

Showdown in the Park

Not so long ago, U.S. highway builders simply picked the path of least resistance and let the concrete flow. They favored public parks because such land was cheaper and no relocation of people was needed before the bulldozers went to work. But things are changing fast: a grass-roots revolt is stopping highwaymen from freely paving the land—especially parks.

In Memphis, for example, conservationists howled in 1968 and 1969 when both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations' Transportation Secretaries (Alan S. Boyd and John A. Volpe) routinely approved a concrete invasion of the city's 342-acre Overton Park, which includes a zoo, golf course and wooded areas with footpaths. The Secretaries authorized federal funding for a 2.4-mile, six-lane section of Interstate 40. Though it was to have been built mostly below ground level, the road would have destroyed 26 acres of the park.

Led by the local Citizens to Preserve Overton Park, the Sierra Club and the National Audubon Society, the Memphis conservationists challenged both Secretaries' decisions in court. According to the 1966 Department of Transportation Act, they argued, federal funds may not be authorized for highway construction in parks if "feasible and prudent" alternative routes exist. Furthermore, such construction may proceed only if "all possible planning to minimize harm" has been undertaken. Neither Secretary, the plaintiffs claimed, heeded those requirements.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court ordered the federal district court in Memphis to review the Secretaries' decisions and determine whether approval to build the highway in the park was "arbitrary, capricious, an abuse of discretion, or otherwise not in accordance with law." Even if construction is eventually allowed, the Supreme Court's tough directive is a significant victory for conservationists. From now on, federal highway builders are more likely to consider environmental consequences.



REFUSE-CLOGGED WATERWAY IN PELLESTRINA



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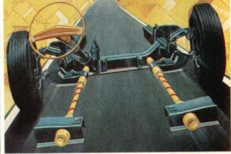
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for safety. 3rd seat faces rear.



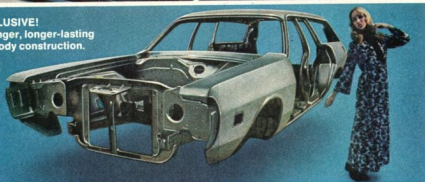
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All Cloaked Up

For knights and highwaymen, Robin Hood and Superman, capes were no mere fashion. They were a way of life. Romance and adventure might as well have been sewn into the lining; the style guaranteed them. Modern-day versions have even more to offer, with a choice of colors, fabrics and assorted flourishes undreamed of in the days of chivalry. For women this winter, capes are clearly the most popular way to cover up since face powder.

Voluminous Versions. Different cloaks for different folks. The counterculture's fancy runs to officers' capes, Indian ponchos and thrift-shop oldies (especially the heavily embroidered, fringed variety once reserved for covering grand pianos). Smart young matrons favor practical, less voluminous versions, often reversible and generally hooded. Pace-setters turn out in everything from Revillon's full-length black fox trimmed with chicken feathers and Adolfo's butterfly-wing silk kimono to the all-mink tent that Actress Elsa Martinelli wore over a sequined bathing suit at a Paris play opening. French, Italian and American designers practically all featured winter-weight capes last fall; those sent down the runways for spring are cut in breezy chiffon, ordinary denim and even terry cloth.

"It's dramatic. It's theatrical. It's warm. It's waterproof. It's just different," said an enthusiastic Boston University coed last week in praise of her cape. For any, all or none of her reasons, cape sales round the country are still soaring. Both Filene's and Jordan Marsh in Boston report a swirl of business, as do Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, Bonwit Teller and Saks Fifth Avenue, which had a particularly hot run on monks' capes. In Los Angeles, where even the ladies who sell maps to movie stars' homes have been cloaked up for years, bou-

tiques are having trouble keeping capes in stock. A favorite is St. Laurent's Moroccan wool version, already snapped up by Jennifer Jones. The farther-out Reva's Fashions boutique, where Joanne Woodward picked up her reversible Guinevere cloak, has a bestseller in matte jersey, its turban hood framed in ostrich or turkey feathers. Reva's also stocks a show-stopping full-length Levi model, appliquéd on the back with a collage of antique fabrics.

Though there are distinct advantages to the cut and flare of capes (swooping into rooms, for example, is hard going in a traditional overcoat), the style has its drawbacks too. Says San Francisco *Chronicle* Fashion Editor Joan Chatfield-Taylor: "You have to do your swooping out of doors. In a store, you are sure to break everything in sight." Moreover, cape wearers would do well to stock up on small clutch purses; standard-size pocketbooks held beneath the fabric imply that the lady is either pregnant or a smuggler.

ANN TANE ZHANG



BEAUTY EXPERT PIGNATELLI
Rebuilt nose, shattered ego.

Mirror, Mirror

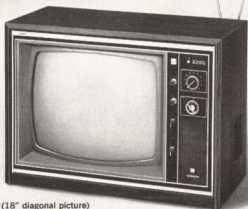
A few times every century, a great beauty is born. I am not one of them. But what nature skipped, I supplied—so much so that sometimes I cannot remember what is real and what is fake.

—Princess Luciana Pignatelli,
The Beautiful People's Beauty Book

It is not that the princess has a weak memory: even an IBM super multi-processor system would be hard put to keep track of the surgical, spiritual, chemical and cosmetic chicanery credited with transforming her from what she calls "a lump" of a young girl into the "internationally renowned beauty" of today. Her nose has been bobbed, her eyelids lifted, her breasts treated with cell implants. Hypnosis, silicone injections, and mysterious processes she calls "diacutaneous fibrolysis" and "aromatotherapy"—all have somehow been fitted into a schedule already jam-packed with appointments for facials and pedicures, yoga lessons and gym classes. In *The Beautiful People's Beauty Book* (McCall; \$5.95), Luciana Pignatelli reveals the secrets and sham, pressures and rewards of a lifetime dedicated to pleasing that most demanding, unrelenting, infinitely precious of friends—the mirror.

Disastrous Union. Most of the princess's 36 years have been spent in the pursuit of beauty. But then, as she explains, "glamour can begin only when all the groundwork has been laid." For Luciana, the groundwork came early in adolescence, when "all legs and big feet, thick at the waist and thick in the nose," she was taken in hand by her half brother, Rodolfo Crespi (married to Consuelo Crespi of the best-dressed set). Rudi pushed lipstick, Consuelo set aside some best dresses, and at 18, Luciana was shuffled from Rome to London to have her nose fixed (the working model was a cross between Vivien Leigh's and Consuelo's). Six months later, she changed her name as well

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by marrying Prince Nicolò Pignatelli Aragona Cortes; the union was "a disaster" from which she emerged, 15 years later, with two children, one title and "a shattered ego."

To help rebuild it, she had silicone injections to fill out her cheeks and plastic surgery that lifted her upper eyelids but did nothing for her spirit. Hypnosis, yoga, cell implants and love affairs helped her morale, but by the end of one liaison Luciana realized, "I had really become very plain looking—almost nothing on my face, nothing on my nails, the most casual clothes." After another year during which she was "so bored I used to remove the hairs from my legs, one by one, with tweezers," Luciana went back to Rome to face facts and her mirror: beauty, after all, was her business. She became a fashion coordinator and beauty consultant to Eve of Roma, a cosmetic house, and that led directly to another husband: Eve's president, Burt Avedon.

Filipino Massage. The book—described by her husband last week as "a straightforward approach to narcissism"—is saturated with beauty tips and tidbits, both from the author and her friends. Model Mirella Haggiag, for example, recommends going back to sleep after the breakfast tray arrives; Princess Ira von Furstenburg prefers dinners alone (a man is sure to order "pasta or curry with rice, and how can one resist?"). Mrs. J. Paul Getty Jr. imports vegetarian *pâté* from Holland to London, uses no eye-liner but the pure kohl she collects in Marrakesh. Emilio Pucci is high on massage ("I have two Filipino girls who come to the house; I would find it distasteful to be massaged by a man"). Luciana also quotes her mother's beauty plan: "I don't smoke, I don't drink, and I go to bed early. I exercise, and I walk 2½ miles every day." Adds her daughter proudly, "After she turned 60, she also had her face lifted."

Luciana herself has her hair streaked white-blond once a month, reserves a fast day (mashed potatoes and camomile tea) every two weeks, and takes liver injections every two months to smoothe her skin. Her personal recommendations include washing hair with *jhassoul* ("Ask friends going to Morocco to get a few bars"), smoking Filipino cigars instead of skin-sallowing cigarettes, constant visits to the hairdresser and gymnast, separate bedrooms ("much more conducive to sex") and homosexuals as friends ("a brief, loud hurrah for their incredible eye for line, proportion, detail and style").

Whirlwind Tour. Author Gore Vidal, also quoted in the book, supports the princess all the way. "Beauty is exterior; it is not interior," he says. "Not only does it not matter if there's nothing inside, it probably helps. Character has a tendency to ruin looks." Meanwhile, Luciana, in the midst of a whirlwind U.S. tour promoting her book, is eager to get back to Europe. "I understand," she writes wistfully, "there is a doctor in Paris who does eyelash implants..."

EDUCATION

Limits of Academic Freedom

With increasing zealotry, English Professor H. Bruce Franklin, 37, has sought to shatter the uneasy campus calm at Stanford University. In the process he appears to have reached the blurry outer limits of U.S. academic freedom and is in real danger of becoming the first tenured professor ever to be fired by a major American university for political actions that led to violence.

Once a quiet, respected expert on Melville and Hawthorne, Franklin has in recent years parlayed a long-bubbling political concern into a full-blown Communist analysis of literature as well as everything else. As a Maoist with newly developed Mau Mau disruptive instincts, he and 30 followers heckled Henry Cabot Lodge so ferociously during a January campus appearance that the former U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam was unable to deliver his speech until the next day.

Appropriate Response. Stanford has borne its share of dissenters, but President Richard Lyman, a longtime public foe of the Viet Nam War, felt that Franklin had gone too far. Charging that the heckling incident "strikes at the university's obligation to maintain itself as an open forum," Lyman recommended that the faculty advisory board suspend Franklin without pay for one academic quarter.

Franklin also thought the heckling had been inappropriate. As he saw it, "The appropriate response to Lodge would have been to toss a grenade at him." Last month, after the Laos invasion, with his suspension hearing still pending, the pugacious professor exhorted a crowd to occupy the university computer center. They did, sparking hours of disturbances during which some student conservatives were beaten and two youths were wounded by gunfire. As a result, President Lyman suspended Franklin from all professional duties (with pay, because of university regulations) and recommended that the ad-

visory board dismiss him. The university also sought a court injunction barring the professor and certain of his followers from the campus.

New McCarthyism? Franklin's case arises just as new codes of professional conduct are beginning to be developed. The radical activism of some faculty members, says Berkeley Law Professor Sanford Kadish, president of the American Association of University Professors, "seems to many of us in the profession to require that we, as professors, take cognizance of threats to academic freedom from within our ranks, as well as to deal with threats to academic freedom from the outside."

Berkeley, Kent State and Illinois State have each recently promulgated codes laying new emphasis upon responsibility. The American Association of State Colleges and Universities has also toughened its faculty responsibility requirements, suggesting that disruptive acts are "the antitheses of academic freedom." Next week the prestigious Carnegie Commission on Higher Education will recommend that standards similar to those of the First Amendment be applied to academic freedom. Such standards protect freedom of speech, belief and association—but not conduct that violates the rights of others.

At Stanford itself, a new set of rules for faculty self-regulation is under consideration. It lays out carefully fashioned guidelines for disciplinary action and provides that "no faculty member shall prevent, or directly exhort or incite anyone" to interfere with another "performing his duties within the university." Although the new rules would not retroactively affect the handling of Franklin's case, their spirit is likely to, Franklin sees his suspension and possible firing as part of "the wave of political repression, the new McCarthyism, now sweeping the campuses of the empire." But in fact his case squarely presents the question of how far one man's academic freedom entitles him to impinge on the academic freedom of others.

H. BRUCE FRANKLIN APPEARING AT PRESS CONFERENCE



MIKE MAHER—LIFE



JEROME WIESNER
From weapons to social needs.

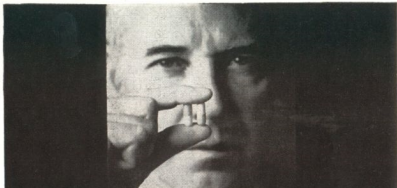
Transition at M.I.T.

As a fount of military research, Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of the nation's major defense contractors. Military money makes up a big part of the university's budget, but Provost Jerome B. Wiesner is far from pleased. He thinks M.I.T. is too much in thrall to military-industrial interests—and time after time he has snapped at the hands that feed his university. As President Kennedy's science adviser, he fought for the nuclear test-ban treaty, opposed manned lunar exploration and launched one of the first big probes of dangerous pesticides. A critic of U.S. policy in Viet Nam, he was a major organizer of opposition to the ABM in 1969. Last week M.I.T. chose Wiesner, 55, to become its new president.

The choice reflects M.I.T.'s slow transition from dependence on military research to greater independence in harnessing technology for social needs. In his five years as provost, Wiesner has played a leading role in helping M.I.T.'s outgoing President Howard W. Johnson begin that transition—an agonizing process in the midst of inflation and shrinking Government research funds.

Wrong Priorities. A brilliant electrical engineer with degrees from the University of Michigan, Wiesner did basic work that helped develop the long-range radar of the DEW line. He favors pure research, which sometimes has potential military applications. "How else can we decide whether to build these things?" he asks. By contrast, he opposes university work on weapons hardware and complains, "It is very hard for us to look to Government for support in areas like urban problems and educational research. The Government doesn't have the right priorities."

Wiesner's liberal views were one factor that helped deny him the M.I.T. pres-



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Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if

two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

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Another point of view... Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

idency five years ago when the trustees passed him up in favor of the less controversial Johnson, an economist and expert on industrial relations. Johnson promptly made Wiesner his chief academic officer. Together they handled student disruptions with great skill. They also began moving the university with such innovations as environmental studies and a center for visual arts.

Wrong Stereotype. Johnson, now 48, soon found that the pressures were frustrating his yen for long-range thinking. "For too many college presidents the long run is next Monday," he said last September as he announced his impending retirement. Johnson will replace James R. Killian Jr. (Eisenhower's science adviser) in the part-time post of chairman of the M.I.T. Corporation. Under an understanding becoming common between college presidents and their boards, Wiesner himself expects to serve as president for only five years.

A usually affable man, Wiesner has a streak of impatience that makes him walk out of boring meetings. He relaxes aboard a yet unchristened 23-ft. sailboat with a dinghy named *Neutron*. But he usually puts in two hours of early morning reading at his home in nearby Watertown before cooking breakfast for his family and churning off to the M.I.T. campus for his daily blitz of telephone calls and meetings. His abiding interest in education has led him to campaign successfully for election to the Watertown school board.

Wiesner irks M.I.T. radicals because his antiwar credentials make it hard to stereotype him. The school's radical linguist Noam Chomsky, in fact, calls Wiesner "the best choice." More conservative faculty members agree, if only because during student demonstrations Wiesner can usually be found out front, arguing with the leaders. Until the nation's official priorities catch up with his own, Wiesner is likely to continue arguing with political leaders as well.

Segal the Scholar

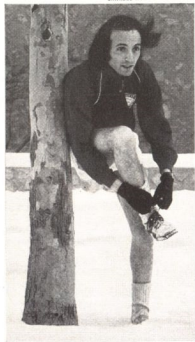
Erich Segal, facile author of *Love Story*, is currently dashing off two movies and a Broadway musical. The writing that most concerns him, though, is strictly academic. Because he still lacks tenure as a Yale professor of comparative literature and classics, Segal, 33, is toiling to polish the image of his less celebrated alter ego, Segal the Scholar.

Segal's Yale colleagues have mixed envy of his worldly success with insinuations that he is neglecting scholarship, or at least scholarly dignity. Stung, Segal flew to Florida last week to join a group of classics professors in a solemn symposium on "The Spirit of Comedy." He also booked himself for a panel discussion on the problems of translation to be held in early April at the American Comparative Literature Association's annual meeting at Yale. This week he declined an invitation from no less than Queen Elizabeth to attend a Royal Command Performance

of the film *Love Story* in London. The date conflicted with the regular Monday lecture in his jammed introductory course on ancient comedy.

Franks and Beans. "I am what I always was—an academic," Segal insists. "It's the most important thing I do. Hell, is it a crime to appear on television?" After writing the Beatles' movie *Yellow Submarine*, he says, "I became financially well-off and could have spent the rest of my life around a Hollywood swimming pool writing screenplays. But I didn't. No *dolce vita* for me. I even

CHARLES BOODE—BLACK STAR



YALE SCHOLAR SEGAL
No time for the Queen.

still cook my franks and beans after my evening seminar in my own cubbyhole of a kitchen." Segal carries a full load of graduate and undergraduate teaching and keeps up his scholarly writing. His specialty is another pop playwright, the Roman Plautus.

Professor's Price. In the past three years, Segal has written several book reviews for scholarly journals, edited a collection of critical essays about Euripides, translated three plays by Plautus, and finished proofing the galleys of his new work, a study of comedy that sweeps through 24 centuries from Aristophanes to Beckett. In the works: an analysis of Terence, ancient Rome's second most popular author of comedies.

Segal's prolific publishing is probably more than enough to keep him from perishing when the faculty votes on his tenure next summer. Still, he declaimed heroically last week, "If the price of being a professor is never daring to write another *Love Story*, I will pay the price. I won't write another word of fiction until June."



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

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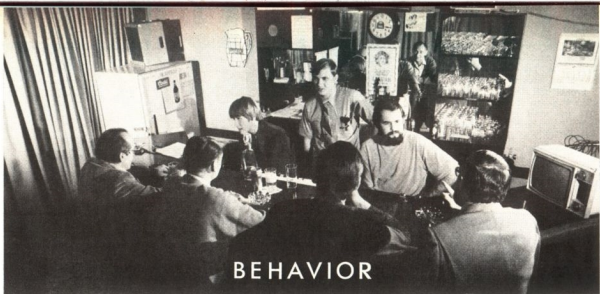
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BEHAVIOR

"COCKTAIL LOUNGE" AT PATTON STATE HOSPITAL

Training to Be Sober

It seems, at first glance, to be a conventional cocktail lounge. There are soft lights, a polished mahogany bar and the murmur of drinkers' voices rising above unobtrusive music. But there is more to the scene than meets the eye. The drinks are free, a TV camera is video-taping the activities and electronic equipment under the bar is administering shocks to the patrons, most of whom are alcoholic patients at Patton State Hospital in San Bernardino, Calif., where the lounge has been installed.

Journey to Sobriety. Most doctors believe that the only alternative to alcoholism is abstinence. Yet the former Skid Rowers are encouraged to frequent the lounge. They are being conditioned either to give up liquor or become social drinkers. Their therapeutic imbibing was suggested by Psychologists Halmuth Schaefer and Mark Sobell, who disagree with the widely held belief that alcoholism is based on a physiological craving. Instead, they say, it is a psychological ailment, a learned response to stress. Unlike normal drinkers, who may react to anxiety by overeating, taking a walk around the block or hitting someone, the alcoholic has learned to find relief by reaching for a drink. What has been learned can be unlearned, Schaefer and Sobell insist. As proof, they point to their high cure rate, which is achieved with the aid of a harmless but painful technique: electric shocks for those who drink too much too fast.

At Patton State, alcoholics begin the five-week journey to sobriety by getting smashed. In the company of normal drinkers, they are allowed to order as many as 16 one-ounce drinks. Then they are given a nonelectric shock: a video-tape presentation of their drinking behavior. Most are dismayed to watch themselves ordering their drinks straight instead of mixed, gulping instead of sipping, and still tossing them off long after the normal drinkers have stopped.

Once a choice is made between working toward total abstinence or social drinking, the patients begin training. Each has electrodes attached to his hand. They can produce a shock when the bartender-therapist pushes a control button. Those who are to be abstainers know that they may receive a jolt every time they order drinks and a continuous shock as long as they have a glass in their hand; they are willing to risk the punishment to effect a cure. The would-be social drinker can consume as many as three mixed drinks without a shock—as long as he takes sips and makes each drink last at least 20 minutes. The shocks come at random—the drinkers never know when they will feel pain, but they do know that it could come after any infraction of the drinking rules. Sometimes, despite the pain, they continue to drink; at other times they put their drinks down.

Preliminary Results. Six months later, from 50% to 70% of the alcoholics trained to drink socially will do so or will abstain entirely. By comparison, only 10% to 20% of a group treated by conventional therapy could do the same. For the new abstainers, the apparent cure rate is 50%, compared with 20% to 25% in a control group. The researchers admit that their results are preliminary and that more patients may relapse as time goes on. But they have high hopes that many of the former alcoholics—having learned to associate drinking with real physical pain—will stay cured.

Sex Before Sport?

"I went out and grabbed this girl and brought her back to the hotel, and we had a good time the whole night. It's good for you. It loosens you up good for the game." That appraisal of sex before sport—an activity frowned upon by many coaches—was made two years ago by Quarterback Joe Namath as he described the eve of the 1969 Super Bowl. Namath, a well-known lov-

er on and off the screen and a player whose spectacular performance on the field seemed to prove his premise, had no scientific support to back him up. Now that support has been supplied by St. Louis Sex Researcher William Masters and Washington Psychologist Robert Harper.

Although the scientists, in conversations reported by the newsletter *Behavior Today*, stopped short of saying that pre-game sex is good for players, they insisted that it can have no bad effects. Told that Baltimore Colts Coach Don McCafferty had ordered players' wives to stay away from training camp before this year's Super Bowl, Masters could see no physiological reason for the ban. Sex, he said, takes only as much energy as running 50 yards. With enough sleep, he said, "I can't imagine a morning-after effect for a conditioned athlete."



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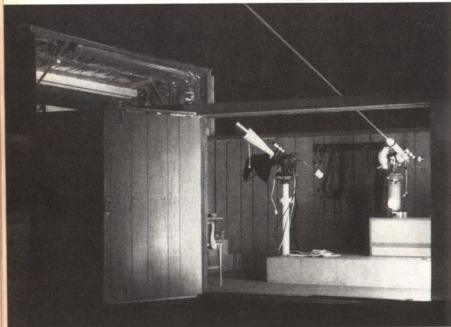
New Danger in the Sky

Experienced pilots are only too aware of the many hazards that can be encountered in the sky. The catalogue of dangers includes flocks of migratory birds, sudden storms, atmospheric turbulence from jets, new high-rise buildings and towers along landing glide paths, instrument-confusing microwave emissions, occasional rocket launches, and the threat of collision with other planes. Now pilots have something utterly unexpected to contend with. In its latest "Notams" (Notices to Airmen), the Federal Aviation Administration

the earth's polar wobble and possible changes in the force of gravity. At the Mount Hopkins station, scientists are tracking reflector-equipped earth satellites and measuring pollutants in the upper atmosphere.

Intense as they are, the beams aimed at the moon are not powerful enough to damage an aircraft flying thousands of feet above the laser gun. But the high-energy light could scar the retinas of a pilot or passenger who happened to look directly into it. So far nothing of the sort has occurred, but the FAA is taking no chances. The observatories themselves cooperate by stationing air-

TOM BUTLER—SMITHSONIAN ASTROPHYSICAL OBSERVATORY



LASER BEAM BEING AIMED AT MOON THROUGH TELESCOPE

One possible target: enemy missiles.

has warned aircraft to keep clear of four laser experiment sites: McDonald Observatory, near Fort Davis, Texas; a Harvard observatory northwest of Boston; the University of Arizona's Catalina Observatory 20 miles northeast of Tucson; and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory's Mount Hopkins station 40 miles south of Tucson.

At three of the locations, scientists are literally shooting at the moon—aiming powerful beams of intense laser light at the corner reflectors left by the Apollo astronauts near their lunar landing sites. Astronomical telescopes concentrate the beams and pick up their reflection from the moon. By precisely clocking the round-trip time of each short burst of light—about 2½ seconds—scientists have been able to measure the distance between earth and moon to within six inches or less. They are gathering invaluable data on such puzzles as the drift of continents,

craft spotters outside to watch the skies whenever experiments are in progress. If a plane is seen near by, scientists hold their fire until it has passed by.

There are more laser-experiment sites than those listed by the FAA. Under the U.S. Air Force's so-called Eighth Card program, centered at Kirtland Air Force Base (N. Mex.), researchers are exploring the use of even stronger laser beams as military weaponry. The airspace over bases housing such experiments is automatically out of bounds to civilian craft. One goal of the program: the development of a laser that could destroy incoming enemy missiles. Traveling at the speed of light (186,000 miles per second), a laser beam could, in theory, intercept a 17,000-m.p.h. ICBM as it was re-entering the atmosphere and sear it into an ineffective hulk while it was still hundreds of miles from its target.

Journey to Jupiter

In the 13 years since Russia launched Sputnik 1, man has steadily pushed back the frontiers of space. Astronauts have walked on the moon, the Soviet spacecraft Venera 7 has soft-landed on Venus, and three U.S. Mariner spacecraft have swept past Mars, transmitting detailed pictures back to earth. Now scientists are preparing for an even more far-reaching journey. Last week NASA discussed its plans to launch the first unmanned planetary probe to the outer part of the solar system—a 550-lb. spacecraft that will fly past Jupiter.

To reach the solar system's largest planet, a flight that could take two years or more, Pioneer F will have to survive a hazard never before encountered by a spacecraft: it will have to pass through the asteroid belt, which consists of some 50,000 asteroids that circle the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. If Pioneer runs the rocky gauntlet successfully, the way will be cleared for further explorations of the outer planets by unmanned spacecraft making Grand Tours[®] later in the decade, as well as future flights by man himself. A serious accident, on the other hand, might well cause space scientists to reconsider their plans.

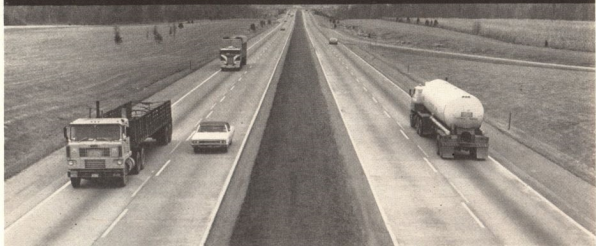
Mysterious Spot. As it passes within 100,000 miles of Jupiter, Pioneer F will conduct a total of 13 experiments and radio the results back to mission controllers at NASA's Ames Research Center in Mountain View, Calif. A complex array of detectors, which poke out of the cone-shaped spacecraft like antennae on a monstrous insect, will measure, among other things, magnetic fields, ultraviolet and infrared radiation, cosmic rays, meteoroid density and the intensity of the solar wind (charged atomic particles streaming from the sun).

These readings may help to explain some of Jupiter's more puzzling features. Except for the earth, it is the only planet believed to have a magnetic field. It is also producing a great quantity of heat, the origin of which is still a mystery. In addition, it has twelve satellites, three of which are larger than the earth's moon. By analyzing the radio signals that Pioneer emits just before it ducks behind one of the larger moons, possibly Io (pronounced *eye-oh*), scientists may be able to tell whether the satellite has an atmosphere.

Most intriguing of all, light measurements by Pioneer's imaging photometer will enable computers on earth to construct about ten pictures of the planet that will show features as small as 250 miles across. Although the resolution is not much greater than that

* In the late 1970s, the five outer planets will be so aligned that a single spacecraft can pass close to Jupiter, Saturn and Pluto—or Jupiter, Neptune and Uranus—using the gravitational pull of each planet to hurl itself on toward the next. That favorable configuration of the outer planets will not occur again for another 179 years.

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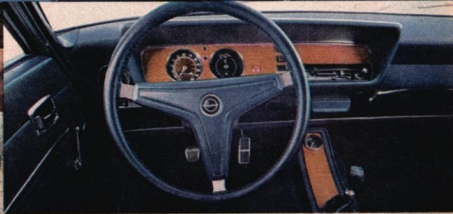
Left to Right: The KENMOOR, 30736, bookbinder. The LAUREL, 31714, perfect. The BROADMOOR, 31155, brown. The BROADMOOR, 43008, brown and white. The MEDICI, 20270, black and red. The CALCUTTA, 20246, black and red. The CALCUTTA,

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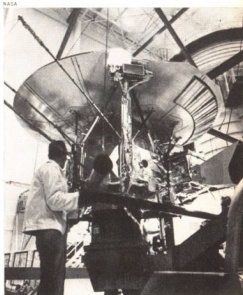
Road Test calls Capri "import of the year."

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achieved by terrestrial telescopes, the pictures will be shot from glare-free angles completely unobtainable on earth.

The pictures and measurements should give scientists an entirely new perspective on Jupiter. They may help, for example, to explain the origin of the planet's Great Red Spot; the huge (8,000- by 30,000-mile) changing blemish on the planet is almost as much a mystery now as it was when Robert Hooke discovered it more than three centuries ago. Pioneer should also provide important new knowledge about Jupiter's atmosphere, now thought to be composed of turbulent clouds of hydrogen, helium, methane and ammonia. It may closely resemble the earth's own early atmosphere, and could contain the chemical seeds for the beginnings of



MODEL OF PIONEER SPACECRAFT
Running the rocky gauntlet.

life. Cornell Astronomer Carl Sagan, for one, speculates that Jovian life could already exist—in the form of ballasted gas bags that absorb organic matter as they float through atmosphere, just as certain whales swallow tons of plankton as they swim through the earth's seas.

Even after it has passed Jupiter and headed into the outer reaches of the solar system, Pioneer's scientific usefulness should continue. The spacecraft's nuclear-powered instruments have a life expectancy of six years and may still be in good working order when it passes the orbit of Uranus, the seventh planet from the sun. It may even be able to detect the unknown limits of the heliosphere, the region in space influenced by the sun's gases and magnetic field, and chart the fringes of interstellar space. Later, having finally ceased transmitting its data, it may become the first spacecraft to fly beyond Pluto's orbit and leave the solar system. If it achieves those awesome goals, Pioneer will indeed have been well named.

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MEDICINE

Snowmobiler's Back

Snowmobilers have been accused of everything from terrorizing wildlife to vandalizing hunters' cabins. From Alaska to Maine, the nation's 19 snow-belt states are planning or planning new laws to regulate the noisy off-road machines. But even if all drivers are eventually licensed, they seem likely to cause more damage—at least to themselves. Last year 84 U.S. snowmobilers died in accidents ranging from train collisions to falling through thin ice. Reasonably prudent drivers, in fact, can be hurt by merely emulating the ads and "flying" their new toys well above ground.

The experience is exhilarating, but the landings can be rough. The impacts often cause "snowmobiler's back," a compression fracture in which several vertebrae are rammed painfully together. Last year hurt spines accounted for roughly 13% of the nation's 306 reported snowmobile injuries, and investigators at the University of Michigan's Highway Safety Research Institute have recently found out why. According to Drs. Verne Roberts and Robert Hubbard, soaring snowmobilers are subjected to even greater G forces than pilots being ejected from disabled jets.

Lifetime Pain. The Michigan team based its findings on tests with a special sled, ten typical snowmobile seats and a 225-lb. dummy fitted with stress-sensing instruments. When the sled with its seated dummy was dropped 4 ft. onto a concrete platform—the equivalent of a jump in a fast-moving snowmobile—the jolts produced downward forces of 20 to 34 times the force of gravity, enough to make the body weigh anything from 4,500 lbs. to 7,650 lbs. at the instant of impact. Aircraft ejection seats, which are activated by an explosive charge, subject the body to about 13 Gs, while other tests have shown that 20 Gs is enough to produce injury even without impact.

Compression fractures are often accompanied by ruptured spinal discs and torn muscles. Victims may spend as long as five months in a torso cast or

in traction. Some face a lifetime of continuing pain or disability.

Noting that the best of the tested seats absorbed only 15% of the energy of impact, the Michigan researchers suggested that snowmobile makers could reduce injury by significantly stiffening the materials used in their machines' cushions. To discourage reckless driving, some makers have already decided to downplay jumping in new advertising. But the most important step toward preventing injuries must be taken by the nation's some 1,600,000 snowmobilers, who can save spines by avoiding acrobatics.

Blood and Malaria

Severely ill patients needing blood transfusions and heroin addicts "skin-popping" with dirty needles would seem to have little in common. But now they share the danger of contracting malaria. The U.S. Center for Disease Control reports an increasing number of cases of malaria in both addicts and patients.

Toward the end of World War II, health authorities feared that malaria, then being rapidly eradicated in the U.S., would be re-established by servicemen returning from the Mediterranean and Pacific theaters. Their alarm proved groundless. Many servicemen did harbor the parasites (*Plasmodium vivax*) of the milder, relapsing form of malaria, but there was no large reservoir of human beings from whom mosquitoes could spread the disease.

By contrast, the return of servicemen from Viet Nam has coincided with an enormous increase in the use of hypodermic needles for popping heroin. Some servicemen in Viet Nam have acquired almost simultaneously both the heroin habit and the virulent, fulminating form of malaria caused by the parasite *Plasmodium falciparum*.

Addict Donors. The coincidence is proving dangerous because many drug addicts try to donate blood to get the price of a fix. At Fort Bragg, N.C., for example, a 20-year-old soldier addict became severely ill last July. Since he had never been outside the U.S., Army

DUMMY READY TO TAKE A FALL IN SLED TEST



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medics had no reason to suspect malaria, especially of the *falciparum* type. Only after this was diagnosed was it learned that he had recently donated two pints of blood. One of these was transfused into a fracture patient in a New York hospital, but the recipient escaped malaria. The other pint was flown to Viet Nam and has not been traced.

The Center for Disease Control knows of no deaths from *falciparum* malaria transmitted by one addict to another through shared needles. But it fears some may occur because the disease, unfamiliar to Stateside doctors, is difficult to diagnose in its early stages. Yet early diagnosis is essential because *falciparum* is a swift killer.

The most troubling malaria statistic involves parasite-contaminated blood. At least eight nonaddict patients receiving transfusions have become infected, three with *falciparum*. These infections originated with returned-soldier addicts in California's Ventura County. The blood they sold was used in several states. In all the known transfusion cases, the infection has been cured or satisfactorily suppressed.

Dial for Abortion

In theory, since a dozen states have liberalized their laws, it is no longer difficult for an unwilling pregnant woman to get a safe, legal abortion in the U.S. Since last July, New York has had minimal restrictions and no residence requirement. Yet abortion seekers still face



KIT RIGGS & COMPUTER
From Z.P.G. to AID.

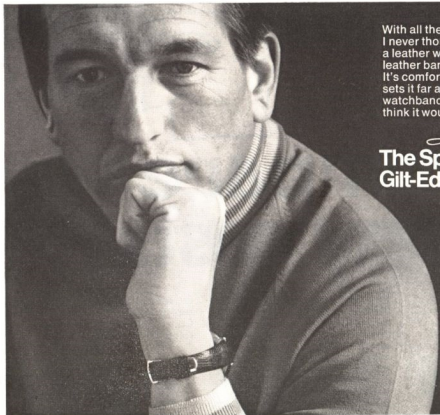
formidable obstacles, ranging from doctors' reluctance to alleged bilking by a score of commercial "referral services" that have sprung up in New York.

Charging from \$60 to \$160 to make an appointment with a doctor, those services have eagerly advertised as far away as Miami Beach—in one case, by using a low-flying plane trailing a banner that read "Abortion Information," and a Manhattan phone number. New York State's Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz is so disturbed by such brokers that

he is considering legislation either to put them out of business or to regulate them strictly.

Stored Data. Planned Parenthood groups and some religious agencies offer the same service free. But nothing quite matches a new computerized service run by Zero Population Growth Inc., a nonprofit organization headquartered in Los Altos, Calif. From its founding in 1968, it was inundated with requests for abortion referrals. "This wasn't our main purpose, but we couldn't turn these people away," says Z.P.G.'s executive director, Shirley Radl. "Then we found ourselves accumulating information on doctors, hospitals and costs around the country." The natural next step was to organize the data and store it in a computer. The result is Abortion Information Data Bank (AID Bank), which now has about 500 listings, including 300 doctors.

A pregnant woman anywhere in the U.S. can call Z.P.G. AID Staffer Kit Riggs gets her name, address and financial status, and can usually give preliminary advice on the phone. Then Mrs. Riggs feeds her caller's data into a shared-time computer. Within five minutes, the computer produces a print-out listing the names of the eight or ten doctors and clinics nearest the caller, with their fees and other pertinent facts. Mrs. Riggs mails this print-out to the caller. AID makes no charge for its service, but asks women who can afford it to send a \$5 donation.



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Two Rabbis Rock the Boat

Like clergymen of other faiths, rabbis have been known to have differences with their congregations, but U.S. Jews generally conduct their debates in private. Recently, however, two Reform rabbis, one in an established Manhattan synagogue, the other in a posh Long Island suburb, clashed publicly with their congregants. Their stories:

"We've Frozen the Form"

For Philip Schechter, 37, trouble began in earnest on the High Holy Days, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, last fall. He had been at Temple Shaaray Tefila on Manhattan's Upper East Side since May. Over the summer, with his beard already bushy, Schechter let his hair grow to shoulder length; hardly the image of the Reform rabbi. As the holidays approached, he asked himself what he could say in his sermon to many people he had never seen before—those who attend services only on the High Holy Days—and might not see again until the next year.

His message was the traditional yearly summing up and call for repentance. But he put it in modern context and made it unrelentingly apocalyptic. "Our world is coming to an end," Schechter told the congregation. Prejudice, hate and selfishness proliferate, he said. "The city is an ecological disaster." No two people today recall quite the same version of the young rabbi's rambling, extemporaneous sermon, but most recall that he quoted from rock lyrics, waved his arms prophet-style, peppered his talk with "hells" and "damns." Reform Judaism, he said, had lost its ability to adapt: "We've frozen the form and killed the spirit." The congregation was both delighted and vexed. "He's great," said one woman. "He's crazy," said her husband.

Before October was over, Manhattan Lawyer Sidney B. Alexander had prepared a list of complaints against Schechter. Among them: "an unsightly looking mass of hippie-type hair," a "spirit of levity" in the Yom Kippur sermon, and an unseemly harping on the "doomsday theory." The charges were tabled by the temple's trustees, but the malediction lingered on.

Schechter did not back down. He replaced older members of the Sunday school committee with people who had children in the school. To the young he spoke glowingly of Eastern mysticism, even recommended that they go to hear one mystic he admires, Swami Sat-chitananda. He continued to speak bluntly to his Friday night audiences and, perhaps more fatally, to the trustees.

He did develop admirers. One Manhattan surgeon, Dr. Murry Fischer, says

that he went to temple more often for Friday services under Rabbi Schechter than he had for 20 years. Mrs. Frederick Block, wife of the congregation's president, says: "He woke everyone up. No one ever slept through his sermons." In the end, though, the critics won out. On the last day of January, the board of trustees voted 14-12 to recommend that the congregation not renew Rabbi Schechter's contract when it was up in



SCHECHTER

Howl from the pulpit, whine from the pool.



SIEGEL

June. A meeting of the congregation confirmed the trustees' recommendation by a vote of 144-135.

Floating Congregation. Schechter toyed with the idea of quitting the rabinate altogether. Then he faced up to the fact that "my thing is Rabbi." In fact, he concedes, though he was ordained eleven years ago, "it's only been about a year that I've been one." For a decade he "played the game," speaking softly and wearing a necktie everywhere. Then "I finally broke loose from the repression of the seminary and the rabinate and I'm back trying to serve God." Some of his admirers from Temple Shaaray Tefila will follow him into exile, though not, says Schechter, to establish a new temple. "The last thing the world needs is another synagogue." His hope for the future is a sort of floating congregation, perhaps headquartered in a storefront. Wherever it is, it will be something "loose, unstructured—strictly a spiritual thing."

"I Have No Place to Go"

Like Philip Schechter, Martin Siegel has a jaundiced view of Reform Judaism. He, too, is 37; the two men, in fact, were classmates at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. There the resemblance ends. Schechter's anger is a howl from the pulpit; Siegel's is a whine from the swimming pool.

His plight became public in January, when *New York* magazine published excerpts from *Amen: The Diary of Rabbi Martin Siegel* (edited by Mel Ziegler; World; \$6.95), a book detailing nearly ten months of Siegel's life as rabbi of Temple Sinai in suburban Lawrence, N.Y. The article, which assailed the materialism and shallow religious loyalties of Siegel's congregation, provoked angry reactions throughout the New York area. The book is due to reach the bookstores this month and should incite more. It is a

depressing portrait of a U.S. Jewish congregation and its rabbi.

In his diary, for which he had publication in mind from the start, Siegel lets it all hang out: the April Friday that he chose to give his "Sermon of the Year" on *Portnoy's Complaint*, and drew a Yom Kippur-sized crowd; the July day when he had to delay a wedding ceremony in order to satisfy the couple's wish that they be pronounced man and wife at the moment the astronauts landed on the moon; the mother who decided on a ruinous \$15,000 bar mitzvah so that "we'll be able to face our neighbors." In perhaps the most appalling passage, Siegel records his question to a confirmation class: How many of them would give up their Judaism if it was necessary to get into a good college? Out of 14 students, 13 told him they would.

There are moments of humorous relief. At the *Portnoy* sermon, Siegel's mother announced her opinion of the book: "That Mrs. Portnoy, she was a wonderful mother. After all, she was only doing what was best for her children." At a four-day seminar in upstate New York, a 70-year-old lady developed a crush on Siegel and finally popped a proposition: "Why don't we go to Israel together? I'll pay." Notes Siegel dryly: "I guess she thought that's the way to pick up a rabbi."

Reaction at Temple Sinai, where Siegel is still rabbi, has varied from reserved agreement to outrage. "We had such a nice family-like congregation here," laments one congregant. "Now this." Siegel's critics among his fellow rabbis are not so much disturbed by his portrait of a vacuous congregation as his own passive performance. "A rabbi," argues young Orthodox Rabbi Steven Riskin of Manhattan, "is foremost the educator of his community. He must impart values and represent them in his own life." Yet Siegel confesses that he "doesn't know"

why he is a rabbi; he chooses to stay one because, among other things, "I have no place else to go." There is also, he reveals, an income of more than \$25,000 a year, a 15-room home, and a swimming pool. "Who would want to give up a swimming pool?" he asks.

Clearly, not Siegel. In fact, he wants a raise "because in this community one's ability is measured by the amount of money he makes." Less than two months after the diary begins, Siegel records his visions of its commercial success, his potential as an "ephemeral public personality," and his chance for a shot at the *Johnny Carson Show*. But the height of chutzpah is the entry for Aug. 1, 1969: "Last night I dreamt I won the National Book Award for this diary." God forbid.

Jesus passed it on to him. "If the next Pope does not call himself Clement XV," the vision advised him, "you will know that he is a false Pope." When Cardinal Giovanni Battista Montini chose to reign as Paul VI, Abbé Collin became Clement XV.

Today *Le Petit Vatican*—two gray concrete buildings with corrugated roofs—sits at a rural crossroad in the French village of Clémery. One building is the 200-ft. "Basilica of Glory," austere on the outside but stuffed with plaster piety inside: battalions of pink and blue angels, scores of polychromed saints, gauze curtains and blue and beige carpets. The make-believe Pope has only a modest Curia—ten "cardinals" and "bishops" and a covey of giggling "nuns"; most of the

MILESTONES

Married. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 51, Prime Minister of Canada; and Margaret Sinclair, 22, daughter of Canadian Privy Councillor James Sinclair (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Charles W. Engelhard, 54, lavish-living multimillionaire who may have served as the model for the central character in Ian Fleming's novel *Goldfinger*; of an apparent heart attack; in Boca Grande, Fla. Engelhard ballooned an inheritance of \$20 million into an estimated \$250 million by his grasp of the potential of precious metals in technology. Equally successful in racing, he spent close to \$10 million for top-quality thoroughbreds, had 213 victories in the U.S. in nine years. After his acquaintance Fleming published *Goldfinger*, Engelhard emphasized the obvious by once showing up for a party in an orange sweatshirt and pretending to have a stewardess named Pussy Galore on one of his planes.

Died. Dr. Paul de Kruif, 80, bacteriologist and author of laymen-oriented medical books; of a heart attack; in Holland, Mich. Holder of a Ph.D. in microbiology but no medical degree, De Kruif developed an antitoxin for gas gangrene, helped produce a successful treatment for syphilis before penicillin was used. He wrote 13 books, among them the bestsellers *Hunger Fighters* and *Microbe Hunters*. He also collaborated with Sinclair Lewis on *Arrowsmith*, which dealt with a onetime country doctor. Answering whispers that he had ghosted the book for Lewis, De Kruif said: "This is wrong. But Lewis would have been completely helpless to write it without me, and vice versa."

Died. Allan Nevins, 80, historian who won, among other tributes, 23 honorary doctorates and two Pulitzer Prizes; of a stroke; in Menlo Park, Calif. After beginning his career as an editorial writer for the New York *Evening Post*, Nevins gained an early reputation through a number of historical books and in 1931 became De Witt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia. Nevins' first Pulitzer came in 1933 for *Grover Cleveland: A Study in Courage*, his second in 1937 for *Hamilton Fish: The Inner History of the Grant Administration*. The last of his eight-volume history of the U.S. from 1847 through the Civil War will be published this year. Perhaps Nevins' most highly regarded contribution was to organize the oral-history movement, recording and transcribing interviews with people who had been closely involved with great events. "So many people know so many things that have never been put into writing," Nevins once explained. "There was a time when historic detail was entrusted to paper, but no longer. Today they talk on the phone or discuss it in person."



CLEMENT (IN CAPE) WITH FOLLOWERS AT LE PETIT VATICAN
Excommunicating the tax men.

Pope Clement XV

Like Joan of Arc, Michel Collin was born into a Lorraine peasant family, and like the Maid, he heard voices. "You will become a priest, then a bishop, and finally Pope," he recalls Jesus telling him. To a purported 50,000 followers in Western Europe, Canada and the U.S., Collin is now Pope Clement XV of the "Renewed Church." Paul VI, of the Vatican, is a mere usurper.

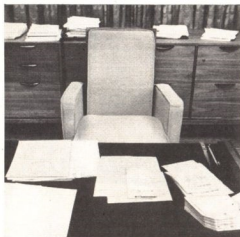
The moonfaced, high-voiced claimant of the papal tiara is a former Roman Catholic priest who was defrocked by Pius XII in 1951 for founding, without permission, an order called the Apostles of Infinite Love. In 1960, says Collin, the Virgin of Fatima told the local bishop that the next Pope would be called Clement XV. The bishop told the Vatican, Collin says, and

followers are or have been Roman Catholic priests and nuns.

For six years after it was founded, Clement's church was declared exempt by French tax men. In January, however, Clement was presented with a bill for \$50,000 in taxes for the past four years, an estimate based on Clement's receipts of international money orders. Clement responded with appropriate pontifical pique. "For your crying injustice, lies, threats and demands," he wired the tax man, "in view of your hatred and persecution of Clement XV and the Renewed Church, you are excommunicated."

As for his rival in Rome, Clement has had little chance for a confrontation. Twice last year he and his entourage marched—or rode—on Rome, but he was turned away under an Italian law that added insult to injury: his presence was disrespectful to the Pope.

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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP



ART

Screens Against the Wind

Folding painted screens are an integral part of Japanese architectural thought; they occupy a shadow line between architecture and decoration. These delicate panels of rice paper stretched on lacquered frames, held together by paper or leather hinges, were the remote ancestors of today's plebeian room dividers and office partitions. Their name, *hyōbu*, means "protection from wind." From the 7th century, when the first *hyōbu* were introduced from China, the art of screen painting absorbed the best talents in Japan. Perhaps because, being in everyday domestic use, they were more liable to damage than scrolls, there are comparatively few fine examples in the hands of U.S. collectors. In a show drawing together the best screens in all New York collections, both public and private, the Asia House has mounted an exemplary exhibition of this ancient art.

By the 16th century, screen painting had become as central to the visual culture of traditional Japan as fresco painting was to Italians. The very size of *hyōbu*—which run to a width of twelve feet and more—was an exacting test of the painter's virtuosity in handling water-

color or *sumi* ink across large areas; it made the paintings into a kind of environment conducive to meditation and withdrawal. Because they were made for domestic use, the imagery of *hyōbu* is generally secular. But Western categories of what is or is not secular make less sense in the context of Japanese art, in which aesthetics is raised to the status of ethics, and any image, from a crane stepping into water to the gesture of a dancing girl, can disclose a web of references to *satori*, or illumination.

The climax of screen painting occurred during the Momoyama period (1573-1614) when a group of Japanese warlords moved Japan's capital from Kyoto to a fishing village called Edo, now the site of modern Tokyo. Their gloomy castles with gloomy interiors needed an especially sumptuous kind of decoration. Screen painters like Kaihō Yushō supplied it. Yushō's *Fish Nets*, with its jagged forms of dark blue sea and gold-leaf land, traversed by the swooping rhythms of the nets strung out to dry on poles, transforms an everyday sight into an event of monumental starkness and beauty. *Fish Nets* alludes to the passage of the seasons by showing reeds at different stages of growth, from spring on the extreme

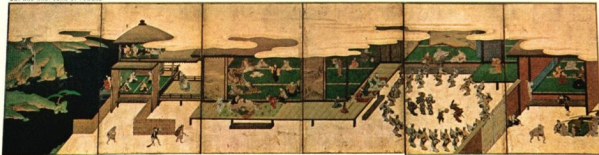
"Whose Sleeves?" anon., 17th century.

right to winter in the upper left. Elaborate genre subjects occur. A six-fold *hyōbu* by an anonymous 17th century artist (below) shows a house of pleasure—actually, a combination of country club and male brothel—and the diversions it provided: duck shooting, wrestling, dalliance, dance, all set down in minute and ceremonious detail. Fukae Roshū's *Pass Through Mount Utsu*, with its flattened, stylized mountain, green hills and brilliant red ivy tendrils hung against a spaceless ground of gold leaf, comes from a 10th century travel diary, the *Tale of Ise*. The voyaging hero has just given a mendicant priest a poem to take to a "lady in the capital"—

*Beside Mount Utsu
In Suruga
I can see you
Neither waking
Nor, alas, even in my dreams.*

Even still life could take on allegorical meaning. *Whose Sleeves?*, an exquisite 17th century painting of kimono folded on a rack, was intended to evoke their absent owner even as an empty chrysalis implies the butterfly. Portraiture by absence: nothing could be more typical of that allusive quality in Buddhist art, which continues to perplex and delight Western minds.

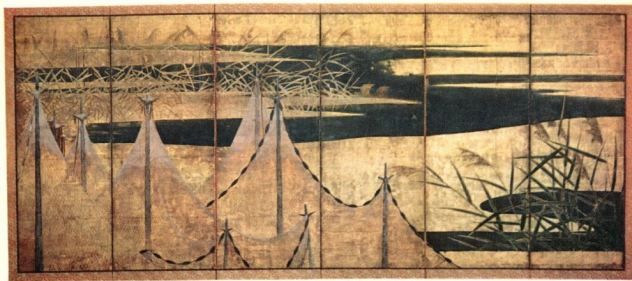
■ Robert Hughes



"Entertainments at the House of Pleasure," anonymous, late 17th century.



"The Pass Through Mount Utsu," Edo period (18th century), by Fukae Roshū (1699-1757).





"Fish Nets," Momoyama period, attributed to Kaihō Yushō (1530-1615).



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MUSIC

Whoops of Joy

Squeezing the 17 members of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band onto the tablecloth-size stage of Manhattan's Village Vanguard is like trying to wedge the master singers of Nuremberg into Rodolfo's garret hole in Paris. The jam requires the four trumpeters to stand against the rear wall all night long. If he is not careful, a sax player can easily get a shot in the ear from a sliding trombone.

But that is not the real reason why the members of this band pay one another close attention. Their group is not just the only concert big band they get to play in these days, it is the only one they get to listen to regularly. As they blow, beat or belt their way into a complex piece like Thad's *Tiptoe*, which halfway on involves something very like a musical multiple-choice quiz between Drummer Mel and everybody else, the players follow each other's fun as avidly as the audience. Laughter, even whoops of joy fly out. Back at the rear wall, an extra-special solo flight by one trumpeter is guaranteed to bring an energetic handshake from another.

When its engagement began on Feb. 7, 1966, the band served mainly as an escape from the endless round of TV and jingle jobs through which its individual members actually make a living. In the ensuing years, playing the Vanguard on Monday nights, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis group has reached a level of perfection and invention now matched only by the Duke Ellington band.

Brassy Bursts. In the minds of many jazz fans, the big band epitomizes today's vogue for the nostalgia trip. Jones and Lewis, in fact, met at a "battle" of the big bands—Count Basie v. Stan Kenton—in a Detroit hotel 15 years ago. Thad was a trumpeter with Basie, Mel the drummer behind Kenton's brassy behemoth. They both might be forgiven any nostalgia they cared to indulge in. Neither of them cares to. They would no more ape Woody Herman or Tommy Dorsey than sit behind monogrammed music stands. Besides, yesterday's big-band era was all about dancing. Today's audience does not dance; it listens. Thad, Mel & Co. hold their fans' attention with a blend of instrumental voices as tightly woven as Kenton at his best, and as much Kansas City freedom as Basie at his. Each member is a soloist. The band has some 100 arrangements and plays expertly from them. But when people like Pianist Roland Hanna, Bassist Richard Davis and Saxophonist Eddie Daniels start mixing things up, it is anybody's guess when the printed music will be used again.

The switch to improvisation is a bit like exchanging gold for diamonds. Most often the written music consists of Thad's arrangements and compositions. And whether he is cropping instrumental voices closely for an original ballad

like *Consummation*, or unleashing brassy, rhythmic bursts for a freewheeling tune like *Fingers*, Thad manages to blend the traditional and the contemporary in a way that is always intriguing. But it is never far out enough to confuse. Thad is a man restlessly in search of an elusive chord. Let him into a friend's living room, and he will quickly locate the piano and begin searching with his fingertips, softly, sensuously. Standing in front of his band, he will raise his flugelhorn (a bovine-sounding brother of the trumpet) to his lips and begin picking out notes in the middle of an already crowded chord. "You don't know

NEW HUGHES—CAMERA 5



THAD JONES CONDUCTING
Today's audience listens.

what effect it will have," says Thad, "but you hear a little crack that could be sealed and you hope that'll do it."

Though jazz has seen some hard times lately, its commercial prospects have improved in the past year. The large selling power of Miles Davis' aleatory electronic jazz tone poems, for example, seems sufficient proof that today's young have developed the curiosity and attention span that jazz demands. Jones and Lewis have stirred a strong enough reaction to make them dream of success in the land of the gold record and top-40 hit. That will mean reaching the pocketbooks of the rock-reared young, a difficult proposition at best.

Meantime the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will have to settle for the respect of a worldwide jazz community, which should grow broader when the group visits Europe and Japan again later this year. The band regularly finishes near the top of *Down Beat* magazine's polls, and its latest LP, *Consummation* (Blue Note), is up for a top prize at next week's Grammy Awards.

Old Gold

Partly because of high labor costs and low consumer interest, the sales of classical recordings have been sagging drastically. As a result, economy-minded record companies are cleaning out their vaults and cramming their budget-priced labels with new releases of glorious old sounds:

Arturo Toscanini: Overtures (Seraphim). Between 1937 and 1939, Toscanini and the BBC Symphony Orchestra created a series of recordings that were like valentines to each other. Here are five of them: Brahms' *Tragic Overture*, Beethoven's *Leonore Overture No. 1*, the Weber-Berlioz *Invitation to the Dance*, and, for the first time on American LP, Mozart's *Magic Flute Overture* and Rossini's *La Scala di Seta Overture*. As usual, the maestro's familiar musical gusto is the controlling factor, augmented by the expressive freedom he accorded the BBC first-desk men in their solo work. There is also a certain pervasive ease and serenity not always found in Toscanini's subsequent recordings with the NBC Symphony.

Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4; Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto in E Minor (Jascha Heifetz, Sir Thomas Beecham, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Seraphim). Although Heifetz could sometimes be showy in the exercise of a most prodigious violin technique, his tone never lost its radiant silkiness even in the most difficult music. In these two performances (dating from 1947 and 1949 respectively), the breathtaking Heifetz sound profits from Sir Thomas Beecham's restraining influence.

Mozart: Sonata No. 9; Haydn: Sonata No. 34 and Andante and Variations in F Minor (Wanda Landowska; Viotrola). These three tender, highly personal performances—not at the harpsichord, but at the piano—were recorded in the last three years of Landowska's life. Haydn's *Andante and Variations* is especially endearing for its full measure of romantic freedom.

Josef Hofmann: Works by Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn (Viotrola). A superstar born in 1876 to the grand romantic tradition, Hofmann never officially released a commercial studio recording after 1924. In May 1935, however, when he was still at peak form, Hofmann made some test recordings for Victor, now released for the first time. The sound is uneven, but the first movement of Chopin's *B-Minor Sonata* is a matchless example of the controlled give and take he brought to large-scale works. The Chopin-Liszt *Maiden's Wish* shows how delicate he could be at painting musical miniatures.

Shostakovich: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 (Seraphim). The frisky *First Concerto*, written when Shostakovich was 27, remains one of his most disarming works—especially when he plays it himself, as in these performances recorded in 1937.

■ William Bender

"The People Who Reach People"

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Gordon Barnes
Roger Caras
Charles Collingwood
Reid Collins
Walter Cronkite
Dave Dugan
Douglas Edwards
Win Elliot
Stanton Evans
Frank Gifford
Arthur Godfrey
John Hart
George Herman
Richard C. Hottelet
Allan Jackson
John K. Jessup
Bernard Kalb
Marvin Kalb
Murray Kempton
Alexander Kendrick
Charles Kuralt
John Meyer
Roger Mudd

Stuart Novins
Charles Osgood
Dan Rather
Dr. Leonard Reiffel
Phil Rizzuto
Mike Roy
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Jeffrey St. John
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Steve Young

We've made a record for advertisers. A new view of CBS Radio, the nation's leading radio network, just when you need it most.



If you don't know the real dimensions of network radio today, our "People Who Reach People" record could surprise you. We're pretty sure it will entertain you.

And it couldn't come at a better time. As most advertisers know all too well, the state of the national economy today is still full of uncertainties.

Someone has even coined a new word for it. Stagflation.

Very likely, you're feeling pinched. By the high cost of selling on the one hand, and the need for increased selling effectiveness on the other.

What to do about it?

That is what our recording is all about.



We've noticed that when smart advertisers have to stretch budgets, and yet maintain or increase competitive positions, they often investigate network radio.

And, properly investigated, it becomes awfully hard to resist.

So we've put together some of the facts you should know about network radio, and about CBS Radio, the leader in the medium.

A few for-instances:

Fact 1. Radio's Reach Is Almost Universal.

The conventional wisdom says that mostly kids listen nowadays, right? Wrong. 92% of all people over 18 are reached by radio every week. Equally important, they listen almost three hours every day.

Fact 2. Network Radio Dollars Outstretch TV.

In the daytime, for example: The same number of commercial minute impressions that cost you \$36,000 on daytime network television cost you only \$20,000 on network radio.

At night, it's more so: On network radio, for almost 20% less money than a primetime nighttime TV minute, you can reach 42% more adults, three times as often.

Fact 3. Network Radio Reaches Good Customers.

In education and income the avid

radio listener far exceeds the avid TV viewer. This fact helps explain why so many major advertisers add network radio to their TV buys. Trading up, you might say.

Fact 4. CBS Radio Reaches More People With More People.

With an unrivalled array of the people other people pay attention to, the CBS Radio Network reaches over 21 million adults weekly, more than any other network. And has the largest adult audience per commercial unit of any network. Household names do it: Walter Cronkite, Arthur Godfrey, Phil Rizzuto, Dear Abby, Douglas Edwards, Mike Wallace, Dan Rather, Frank Gifford, Richard C. Hottelet, and a lot more like them. (Point for advertisers: On CBS Radio, the program content enhances the commercial.)

Fact 5. On CBS Radio You Get Everything You Pay For.

There wouldn't be much point to our fine stars and outstanding newsmen if your commercials were not broadcast within network time, within the favorable show-case you sign for. So CBS Radio guarantees and delivers program clearances within its winning network schedule. No other network makes such a guarantee.

Fact 6. Those Who Know Buy CBS Radio.

One indicator of a network's value,

of course, is who uses it. At last count, 19 out of the top 20 advertising agencies (who accounted for about 50% of all U.S. billings in 1969) buy the CBS Radio Network.

Well, that's a big part of our story, although by no means all of it. Better hear "The People Who Reach People" for yourself.

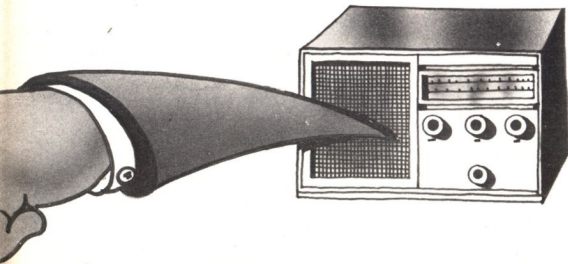
It's a lively document in sound, highlighting the main reasons why, in today's economic climate, network radio and especially CBS Radio, make good sense.

And right at the beginning, you'll also hear something else. A quick, but extraordinary panorama of the history of our times. That panorama of men and events which unfolds and changes with gathering speed. And which in itself explains why people everywhere need and depend on radio as never before.

AVAILABLE TO NATIONAL ADVERTISERS AND AGENCIES:

For your copy of "The People Who Reach People," just call or drop a word on your business stationery to Mr. Ben Lochridge, 51 West 52 Street, New York, New York 10019, (212) 765-4321.

CBS RADIO NETWORK



BUSINESS

Cautious Consumers, Wary Executives

THOUGH the economy's long winter of discontent seems near its end, spring has by no means arrived. A quickening sense of anticipation was apparent when President Nixon switched from an anti-inflation policy of slowing down business to one of expansionism. But the resurgence predicted by the Administration is agonizingly slow in coming. The prime reason: high rates of inflation and unemployment continue to chill the enthusiasm of businessmen and consumers, who are holding spending to a minimum. Little remains of the inflationary psychology of a few years ago, which prompted people to buy impulsively in the belief that prices would rise later. Instead, Americans seem gripped by a deflationary psychology, putting off until tomorrow the things that they would normally buy today.

Shading Down. The Administration's resolutely sunny projections of a gross national product of \$1,065 billion for 1971, accompanied by a marked drop in inflation and unemployment, are increasingly unconvincing. There is a rising feeling among the public that the President's economists are making rosy promises instead of taking politically painful action to revive the economy and restrain wages and prices.

The President's fast growth schedule requires that the gross national product increase by an average of \$30 billion or more for each quarter of the year. Most outside experts foresee a much slower business revival, leading, with luck, to a G.N.P. of about \$1,050 billion. The first-quarter expansion is likely to fall well short of Administration expectations, and some economists are shading their earlier forecasts downward. True, there are a number of favorable factors: the widely anticipated rise in worker productivity, the pickup in housing construction, the recent jump in the stock market and the decline in interest rates (which are expected to firm soon). But these are more than overshadowed by the negative indicators: continuing inflation, profit squeeze, high unemployment and the danger of major labor strikes. Many economists foresee only a minimal decline in joblessness if present policies are followed. The unemployment rate dropped from 6% in January to 5.8% in February, but the number of Americans at work also declined—many people have given up looking for jobs.

Problem No. 1. While they expect a better year than in 1970, the nation's corporation chiefs are discouraged by the laggard pace of the economy and angered by the Administration's failure to halt rising costs. They abhor wage-price controls, but they believe that the Gov-

ernment must take some new action—more explicit jawboning or guidelines or adoption of a proposal by Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns for a review board. The board would investigate and make recommendations on price and wage increases and thus focus public attention on excesses. "The Administration must do something more than it is doing," says Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend. "The country cannot go on absorbing this kind of inflation."

Corporate leaders believe that the economy's No. 1 problem—worse than sluggish sales or steep unemployment

and labor leaders are increasingly supporting protectionist legislation and executive action.

While they wait for a break in the clouds, businessmen continue to trim their staffs and stint on capital expenditures. Their plants are operating at only 73% of capacity, the lowest since World War II, and they are not inclined to budget big increases for more. Last week Lionel D. Edie & Co., economic consultants, predicted that spending for new plant and equipment this year will increase only 3%, to \$83 billion. A return to economic buoyancy is

DAVID GAIR



BROOKLYN HOUSEHOLDER REVIVING FAMILY TV SET
The young don't want two or three of everything.

—remains inflation. They are particularly disappointed because the unadjusted wholesale price index jumped .7% in January and .9% in February for the biggest two-month rise in 15 years. They worry that the President's deliberate budget deficit and other expansionist policies will heat up inflation anew, if not this year, then in 1972. They are frightened by the continuing soar in labor costs. They were shaken by the recent settlement that National Can made with the United Steelworkers; it amounts to about a 30% wage-and-benefit increase over the next three years, and could serve as a dangerous model for the entire steel industry, which faces a probable strike after labor contracts expire on Aug. 1.

Noting the surge in imports of steel, autos and TV sets, business chiefs complain that the U.S. is being priced out of most markets. As a result, business

unlikely without an accompanying burst of capital spending. This will not occur until the public starts buying again.

Retrenchment Mood. The all-important American consumer will be the key to the economy's success—or lack of it—this year. The consumer is still cautious, haunted by fears of losing his job or seeing his paycheck devoured by inflation. He is still worried about racial unrest, rioting, bombing and the war, and skeptical about Nixon. In a Gallup poll released last week, the President's popularity fell to its lowest point since he took office. Only 51% of the sample approved of his performance.

When the consumer visits a bank, he is far more likely to deposit his cash than take out a loan. Two weeks ago, Boston's Five Cents Savings Bank had the biggest influx of deposits for a single day in its long history. Banks in New York and California, including

Bank of America, the nation's largest, also report increases in savings deposits and new savings accounts.

Department store sales are showing a slight improvement, but television sets, refrigerators, washers and other expensive items are moving slowly. Explains Howard Rushton, a San Francisco discount-chain executive: "If customers have the money to pay for what they see, they'll buy it. But they are not yet confident enough to take on a long-term commitment." Householders are also making do with worn appliances that only a few years ago would have been replaced. Many people, angry with

the high price of repairmen, are fixing their own cars and TV sets. General Foods officials see the housewife again returning to higher-grade packaged foods after a year of buying lower-priced lines like canned fish, powdered milk and beans. Even so, spaghetti, macaroni and pancakes remain popular items. Though auto sales are above the low levels of a year ago, they fell from an annual rate of more than 10 million cars in early February to below 9,000,000 last week.

Albert Sindlinger of Sindlinger & Co., a Philadelphia firm that traces consumer buying moods, expects demand this year to climb slowly and erratically. "Right now," he says, "we are lucky to get four weeks of sustained growth without a dip." Sindlinger doubts that American buying patterns will ever revert to what they were throughout most of the 1960s, "when people had to have two or three of everything." His studies show that there has been a sharp and probably permanent break with that attitude, especially among the young. Says Sindlinger: "The idea today is to buy what you need and use it up before replacing it." In a 1960 Sindlinger survey, for example, 60% of those polled said they could use a second car; in the most recent survey, the number had plunged to 6%.

Still, many businessmen hope for a buying upturn by Easter. If that also

fails to materialize, there will be overwhelming pressure on the Nixon Administration to adopt a tough incomes policy in order to hold back inflation. The Administration may also have to take a more active role in spurring demand. For the first time last week, Paul McCracken, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, said publicly that a tax cut is possible if the economy misses its targets.

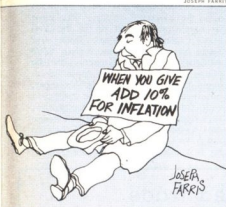
PROFITS

Postwar Low for Margins

Looked at in one way, corporate profits withstood last year's recession fairly well. This week Manhattan's First National City Bank released a tabulation of 2,531 companies, showing that their total profits after taxes fell 8% last year, to \$31 billion. The percentage decline was smaller than in half of the previous postwar recession years, and it would have been even less without the strike at General Motors. The auto and parts industry suffered a 52% slump in earnings, and some supplier industries were also clobbered. Steel earnings were off 38% and rubber profits 27%. Alone among the 41 industry groupings, the airlines showed an actual loss—\$35.6 million by the Citibank's reckoning. On the other side of the ledger, 15 industries increased profits last year, though most of the rises were moderate. The only spectacular gain was a 145% jump in earnings for 33 amusement companies, in fields like movies, racetracks and bowling. The gain largely reflected the fact that MGM had heavy writeoffs in 1969 but not in 1970.

In one important sense, last year's profits were the worst in a quarter century. Profit margins on sales were only 5%, down from 5.8% in 1969. They were the lowest margins in any Citibank survey since 1945—a year of war, price controls and excess-profits taxes. U.S. industry has been in a profit squeeze since late 1965 because inflation has raised its operating costs faster than its selling prices.

The squeeze has had pernicious effects for the entire nation. Last year alarmed managers undertook a long-overdue cost-slashing drive. Among the results: layoffs, severe clampdowns on hiring and even some cuts in research and development. These cost reductions have put business in a position to raise profits substantially this year; some experts forecast gains of 12% or more in 1971. But the ill effects of the squeeze will be felt for years to come. Because business has been hiring fewer people—notably young executives and technicians—it stands to lose many of the fresh, new ideas that make the economy grow and prosper. The paring of research will have consequences that can only be guessed at. The pressure on profits also aggravates inflation: the tighter the squeeze on earnings, the less room corporations have to absorb the increase in their costs without raising their prices.



Why They Are Not Buying

THE consumer is hesitant, uncertain, off balance." So says Daniel Yankelovich, head of a Manhattan-based attitude-research firm that recently analyzed the reactions of 8,000 Americans to the economic climate. From the results, Yankelovich identified for TIME nine factors that contribute to the consumer's cautious mood. His report:

- 1) *The value isn't there.* Customers feel that prices are so high that they are no longer getting true value for their money.
- 2) *Unemployment is striking close to home.* Reports of engineers and other skilled professionals who cannot find work make people feel "Could I be next?"
- 3) *People can no longer count on doing better next year.* These days workers do not automatically assume that each year's income will be higher than the previous year's.
- 4) *A sense of security has been lost.* After the stock market dive, millions of small investors no longer feel that their paper profits are enough to entitle them to spend freely.
- 5) *The economy often appears to be falling apart.* For many families, electric power cutbacks, telephones that do not work, mistakes in comput-

erized bills and appliances that cannot be serviced at a reasonable cost undermine confidence that the fabled efficiency of the economy is still what it once was.

6) *The war looks as if it will drag on.* Consumers interpret the news of the Laos invasion as a sign that the war will continue to drain the budget, fuel inflation and contribute in general to a rocky economy.

7) *Restaurants and department stores do not seem crowded enough.* It is often the little signs like these that make consumers feel insecure and hesitant about climbing out on a financial limb.

8) *Savings are not doing the job.* Householders save for two main reasons: to protect against a "rainy day" in the event of illness and to provide for their children's college education. These savings now look inadequate as the cost of medical care and college education climb out of reach, making people feel that they have lost control over their livelihood.

9) *There is diminished trust in large corporations.* Just in the past few years, the public has begun to lose confidence that the larger companies are genuinely concerned with serving consumer needs as well as improving their own profitability.

AVIATION

An Offer of Costly Salvation

Under normal circumstances, the offer that the British government made to Lockheed Aircraft Corp. last week would sound like something to be turned down flat. But the circumstances were very far from normal. As operator of the now nationalized Rolls-Royce Ltd., the government proposed to deliver engines to Lockheed, six to 18 months late, the early models less powerful than Lockheed wanted, at a price perhaps 40% higher than Lockheed had expected to pay. In addition, Lockheed would have to form a production partnership with the British government and share some development costs—which could be quite expensive.

A Price for Error. Lockheed Chairman Daniel Haughton thought that the proposal was impossible, but he was in no position to reject it out of hand. His company has sunk \$1 billion into developing its 256-passenger TriStar jet, needs engines to power the plane, and has no chance of enforcing its contract with the old, bankrupt Rolls-Royce. Haughton will negotiate further in an ef-

fort to try to improve the proposed terms.

Prying the offer out of the British at all took some doing. When Rolls was nationalized, the ruling Tories threw out the Lockheed engine contract. The U.S. Government, determined to keep Lockheed alive as a defense contractor, applied heat to the British at the highest levels. Eventually, in negotiations with Lord Carrington, the Tory Defense Minister, and other British officials, Haughton got the costly offer to save the project.

The British government proposed formation of a new company, to be owned 50-50 by it and Lockheed, that would produce RB-211 engines for the TriStar. The partners would pledge by cross-warranty to carry on—the British to keep producing, Lockheed to keep buying. The government would immediately put \$144 million into the new firm. That may sound good for Lockheed, as this figure is Haughton's own estimate of the money that will be required to complete development of the engines. But there is a catch: Lockheed would have to pay any further development costs—and British experts think

that these could total another \$144 million. More than that, the British warned Haughton that Lockheed would likely have to pay about \$1.2 million to buy each engine v. the \$840,000 specified in the original contract. Also, the first engines would be six months late in delivery, and they would have only 37,000 lbs. thrust. Delivery of engines with the full planned thrust of 42,000 lbs. would be 18 months late. Moreover, Lockheed would have to waive the \$120 million in penalties that it could have tried to collect for late delivery under the old contract.

Profitable Delay. Lockheed's customers and creditors are anxious to save the company because they have so much money tied up in the TriStar. Eastern Air Lines, TWA and Delta have advanced more than \$200 million in down payments for the plane. The airlines were supposed to begin flying the TriStars this November, but their executives will be happy to wait. Burdened with overcapacity now, they figure that they will be able to report higher profits this year if they do not have to pay for an expensive new jet. If it accepts the British terms, Lock-

Barge Carriers Bid for Lost Sea Trade

RISING labor costs over the past two decades have virtually driven American shipping from the seas. Because American crews are the best paid in the world—\$444 a month for the average able-bodied seaman, for instance—even the most efficient U.S. cargo ships cannot match the lower costs of foreign operators. To recapture a share of seagoing trade, the Government and the domestic shipping industry have placed a \$400 million bet on a technological innovation: huge ships that carry fully loaded barges—known as lighters—across the oceans.

This week the first U.S.-built LASH (for "lighter aboard ship") vessel is scheduled to dock near Philadelphia, completing a maiden voyage to the Mediterranean. Officers of Prudential-Grace Lines note that the *Lash Italia's* round

trip is taking only 34 days, compared with the normal 54 for a conventional carrier. By saving that much time—and, consequently, a good deal of money—U.S. shipowners expect to overcome their cost handicap.

The 820-ft., \$21 million *Lash Italia* achieved its speed record not by moving at a superfast clip but by swiftly loading and unloading in ports. Most cargo ships spend half their time in port, including considerable waiting for dock space. The new ship can stay offshore, outside the port, while tugs deliver barges to it or pick up barges from it. The *Lash Italia* has a 500-ton capacity crane that hoists the vessel's 63 lighters (each 61 ft. long) over the stern and stows them in the open holds. Bypassing the crowded docks, the ship stopped at Barcelona for only eight hours instead of

the usual 24, at Genoa for nine hours instead of two days.

Prudential-Grace's second barge-carrier, the *Lash Turkiye*, sailed two weeks ago on the same route as the *Italia*, and nine more LASH ships are under construction in the U.S. The vessels are designed to operate with a 31-man crew, but maritime unions forced Prudential to hire 38. Fearful of losing jobs because the barges can be unloaded in mid-harbor and towed to distant river points, longshoremen wrested a promise from shipowners to load only at docksides in the U.S. Despite such make-work arrangements, shipping men expect the LASH vessels to open a new era in ocean cargo transportation. If so, the *Lash Italia* could be the most important new American ship since the first Yankee clipper.

"LASH ITALIA" IN NEW YORK HARBOR



heed will probably have to charge the financially strained lines \$16 million for each TriStar v. the roughly \$15 million originally planned. Banks and insurance companies, which have supplied an estimated \$1 billion to Lockheed, would surely have to lend it more.

Beyond negotiating a better deal with the British, Lockheed's choices are limited. It could switch to General Electric or Pratt & Whitney engines for the TriStar, but that, too, would mean delay and additional expense. The other visible alternatives are a shotgun merger or financial collapse.

CORPORATIONS

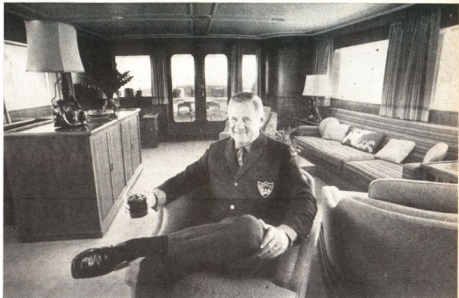
Leave the Driving to Them

The U.S. is increasingly not only a nation on wheels but a nation that rents and leases its wheels. Quite a few of the bigger ones belong to a Miami-based corporation called the Ryder System, which owns 37,000 trucks and successfully leaves the driving to someone else. Ryder trucks are rented to transport new cars to dealers throughout the South, speed deliveries of air freight from New York airports, haul chickens to market in Georgia, deliver the Miami *Herald* to distributors and move housefuls of furniture across town almost anywhere in the U.S. Though the red-and-black "R" trademark on its units is not as well known as those of Hertz or U-Haul, Ryder last year grossed \$221 million, up more than 25% from 1969.

Windshield Deal. The man behind the company's growth is its founder and chief, stocky, plain-spoken James A. Ryder, 57. "I really never did like driving trucks," he admits, and his secret over the years has been to find enough customers who do not like—or need—to own them. They range from corporate giants that lease an entire fleet of Ryder trucks to avoid investing capital in their own, to weekend gardeners who want to save delivery charges by their local nursery.

Ryder's dislike for driving trucks came from firsthand experience. In 1932, he quit his job as straw boss with a construction firm and raised a \$125 down payment on a Model A pickup truck. Figuring his deals with a piece of chalk on the windshield, he was soon hauling trash from Miami's beaches and delivering building materials to Palm Beach. His first leasing contract, with a Miami beer distributor, came three years later, but it was not until after the World War II trucking shortage had eased that Ryder—who was still a truck operator as well as a leaser—entered the big league. Then, says Ryder, "I was all for buying anything that moved." His biggest catch in a rapid series of acquisitions was Great Southern Trucking Co., the largest common carrier in the Southeast; it proved to be an expensive overextension of his resources. Ryder sold the debt-burdened firm to International Utilities Inc. in 1965 and

ALAN PELLIAM



RYDER IN DECKHOUSE OF HIS YACHT
The lack of bumps can be dangerous.

determined to stick to his rapidly expanding specialty of leasing.

Although the Great Southern experience left Ryder "more sober and more thoughtful," it did not keep him from experimenting. He considers himself something of a trucking consultant and has even endowed a chair at the University of Miami for transportation studies—partly to ease his own regret at not having had a college education. The Ryder corporation operates a 300-depot maintenance system that services other fleet owners as well as its own trucks, and has an engineering consulting division that advises truck buyers on their design needs and markets its own computer system. Last week Ryder and a consortium of Miami warehousemen began operating a storage-control system that keeps track of thousands of in-and-out movements of goods for hundreds of clients and is expected to cut the high loss rate common in warehouses. Like many other leaders in the freight industry, Ryder is convinced that shippers should be able to own "intermodal systems" that could provide air, ground and water transportation for customers under a single bill of lading. "Today, the company that originates a shipment is careful about it," he says. "The others don't care what happens to it."

Ryder is up each morning at six and begins the day by doing 50 pushups and taking a mile-long run through Miami's fashionable Coconut Grove with his three German shepherds. He relaxes by sailing one of his five floating rigs, from a sunfish to a 116-ft., \$950,000 yacht. At the office, he is known as a boss who gives full reign on day-to-day matters to his lieutenants but nonetheless makes his opinions known in streams of one-line memos. Ryder's formula for creating the kind of empire

that has made him personally worth at least \$17 million sounds a bit like a Franklin homily in truckerese: "There's a helluva danger in quick success without any bumps."

TRADE

Snooker for Froyennes Fats?

As the world's richest market, the U.S. underpins the prosperity of many out-of-the-way places, including the little Belgian villages of Froyennes and Callenelle. Their sole industry is making cast-resin billiard balls, the high-quality type used in tournament play, in the better pool halls and by the more discriminating owners of home tables. The painstaking job requires baking a re-in mixture in molds in ovens of varying heat for periods of from seven days for a white cueball to 15 days for a striped ball (Nos. 9 to 15). The two firms of Usines de Callenelle and La Décalite, have cornered about half the world market for cast-resin balls, with roughly two-thirds of their output going to the U.S. Their annual revenues from sales in America total \$1,200,000.

As part of the post-World War II drive for freer trade, the U.S. tariff on cast-resin billiard balls was progressively reduced from 50% in 1947 to 20% in 1963. Now the Belgian billiard-ball hustlers fear that they may be snookered out of their prime market. Albany Billiard Ball Co. of Albany, N.Y., the only U.S. maker of cast-resin billiard balls, claims that it has been knocked into a side pocket by the imports. The company once dominated the U.S. market, but currently has only one-third of it. So Albany Billiard Ball is campaigning to kick up the tariff to 37½%. The U.S. Tariff Commission will decide this month whether to recom-



PAINTING NUMBERS ON BELGIAN BILLIARD BALLS
Cushion shot from Albany.

mend an increase to President Nixon.

The proceedings have raised alarm in Belgium. Price comparisons are extremely tricky, but the Belgians fear that they will lose much of their advantage if the tariff is raised. The Belgian Foreign Ministry has tried, in pool-hall parlance, to put some English on the decision by protesting to the U.S. Government. Roger Delmotte, head of Usines de Callenelle, declines to comment beyond remarking: "I don't want to say anything that might influence the President of the United States in making up his mind about my billiard balls."

U.S. protectionists won on another front last week. The Tariff Commission ruled that domestic manufacturers have been injured by Japanese "dumping" of TV sets. The ruling is likely to subject the Japanese to special penalty duties.

FOOD

Europe's American Tastes

It was a food sale calculated to bring nervous heartburn to France's gastronomic nationalists. Below posters of cowboys and astronauts, shoppers at the Inno department store in Paris' chic Passy district snatched up U.S. imports: Bachman's Hanky Panky cocktail corn-puffs, Uncle Ben's rice, Florigold grapefruit, Tropicana orange juice.

All over Europe, consumers are developing a taste—and paying premium prices—for American food products. Despite stiff trade barriers erected by the Common Market, shipments of American fresh fruit to Europe were worth \$32 million in 1970, up almost 40% from 1968. The demand is at its peak right now, when much of the produce grown in California, Florida and Texas is out of season on the Continent.

The rising popularity of U.S. strawberries, until recently a rarity in Europe, symbolizes the gustatory trend. Cargo jets normally fly whole plane-loads of American berries twice a week to Sweden, where they sell for at least \$1.30 a pint. Swiss customers get their deliveries the day they arrive from a trucking service that meets the flights at the airport in Geneva. Robert Flatoe, an American living in Frankfurt, who has become the leading European importer of strawberries, plans to charter about 20 Boeing 707s this spring to carry 1,600,000 lbs. from California to the Continent. There is a growing demand among dessert-loving West Germans for U.S. strawberries; Hamburg's Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten prefers serving them because, says Chef Oskar Behrmann, "they have the best aroma." Between March 1 and May 10, the big season for imported strawberries in Germany, the U.S. berries virtually eclipse the scrawnier varieties from Mexico and Israel.

Foie de U.S. Another favorite item is American orange juice, which is sweeter and less acidic than competing North African brands. Last year France imported \$1,300,000 worth of bottled U.S. juice, compared with \$5,000 worth in 1965. Half of the 46,000 tons of mostly frozen orange juice bought by Sweden last year came from Florida; it sold briskly at an expensive 43¢ for a 6-oz. can. European consumers are also starting to nibble at American iceberg lettuce—to the dismay of gourmets, who find the limper, leafier continental varieties more delicate. Imports into Germany have doubled in two years, even though iceberg heads (known as *Eis-salats*) retail for up to 60¢ per lb., three times as much as lettuce grown locally. The Swedes, who until recently regarded salad as a novelty, now eat more than 4,000,000 lbs. of imported iceberg lettuce per year, in addition to 432,000 lbs. of U.S. celery hearts.

U.S. food imports in London are called "the cream line" because the prices rise to the top: Mayfair restaurants pay up to \$2.16 per lb. for American asparagus and charge diners \$3.30 per serving of seven sticks. French shoppers have learned to ask for Indian River grapefruit by name, even though the

Florida product costs 35¢ each, twice the price of Mediterranean fruit. Among the most popular U.S. foods are innards like liver, hearts and kidneys. Europeans regard them as delicacies, particularly the cheap young American variety, and import \$40 million worth a year. The French transform some of the pork liver into high-priced *pâté*—and sell it back to the U.S.

JAPAN

The Scramble for Supplies

The fabulous growth rate of the Japanese economy—projected at 10% for this year—has long obscured its fragile foundation. Japan is almost totally dependent on overseas sources for raw materials. A 20-day supply of such items is all that Japanese industry is apt to have at any given time, and it is becoming increasingly tough to maintain the necessary flow of imports.

Acutely aware of their vulnerability, Japanese companies are sending teams of geologists and businessmen all over the world to scout for new sources and bid aggressively for existing supplies. The first of two new high-level missions, headed by Wataru Tajitsu, chairman of The Mitsubishi Bank, Ltd., will leave Japan this month to search out new oil sources in Australia, Papua and New Guinea. Japanese crews are exploring for oil—or preparing to do so—from the Persian Gulf to the Gulf of Siam, in Alaska, Colombia and

DEREK BATES

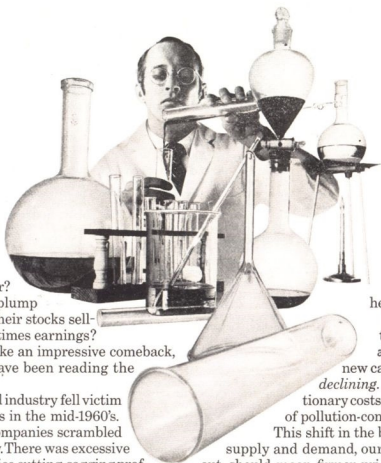


SERVING U.S. ASPARAGUS IN LONDON

SALE OF U.S. GOODS IN PARIS MARKET



At Merrill Lynch we think their biggest breakthrough could be in earnings per share.



Where are the high-riding chemical companies of yesteryear?

With their plump dividends? And their stocks selling at 25 and 35 times earnings?

About to make an impressive comeback, if our analysts have been reading the signs correctly.

The chemical industry fell victim to its own success in the mid-1960's. Too many new companies scrambled to crash the party. There was excessive capacity—then price cutting, sagging profits, and investor disenchantment.

But our analysts kept on tracking some 80 companies in the group, and eventually isolated two trends which, they think, are significant.

First, a growing portion of chemical output has been flowing into industries that thrive on consumer spending. Autos, for example. And housing. So the expected upturn in the U.S. economy should spur demand for chemicals.

And second, although industry outlays for expansion have held at about \$2.8 billion annually, the amount actually used to build new capacity has been declining. Because of inflationary costs and the expense of pollution-control facilities.

This shift in the balance between supply and demand, our analysts point out, should mean firmer prices, wider profit margins. They look for earnings jumps of as much as 15 percent this year.

Check with your Merrill Lynch Account Executive. He'll give you specifics on the chemical stocks we believe should benefit most.

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Japan's own coastal waters; drilling began last week off the southern end of Honshu Island. Japanese industries buy copper from Chile, Zambia, Brazil and the Congo, nickel and iron from Australia, coal from Canada and the U.S. Far more is required. By 1975, Japan expects to need imports for 58% of its lumber, 83% of its copper, 85% of its coal and 90% of its iron ore.

Reluctant Sellers. Japanese companies are increasingly offering long-term development loans to be repaid in ore, and directly investing in their overseas sources of supply. In Queensland, Australia, Mitsubishi has signed a long-term coal contract; in return, it is lending the developer enough money to help build a small town for the workers, a dam and reservoir, roads and a rail line. Despite this, Australia is one of several countries that have acted outright to discourage the sale of some raw materials. It has urged Australian corporations to stop selling bauxite to the Japanese in ore form, arguing that, to create jobs at home, the mineral should be processed into alumina before export.

The problem for the Japanese is that they are latecomers in foreign investment, at a time when nations are more aware than ever of the value of their resources. They are also sensitive to the danger of arousing local resentment, as has been the case in the U.S. Exports of timber in log form from the Pacific Northwest and Alaska have been restricted by Congress, and American steelmen complain that huge coal purchases by Japan are driving up the price of fuel and tying up rail cars. Some top U.S. businessmen, worried about the steady inroads of Japanese finished goods into American markets, have suggested that U.S. companies should withhold raw materials altogether, as a means of thwarting that drive. Partly to anticipate such trouble, the Japanese government recently warned its businessmen in a pamphlet: "We must be careful not to give the impression that Japan is interested only in plundering natural resources. Any operation the Japanese engage in must be mutually beneficial."

The urgency of tapping overseas resources has propelled the Tokyo government into a direct role that goes far beyond the customary low-interest development loans. The government sometimes helps finance private speculation in overseas raw materials. Tokyo is setting up a \$1 billion fund for that purpose with an unusual feature that absolves unsuccessful prospectors of any risk. If a project such as drilling for oil turns out to be a flop, the government will simply write off the loan as a loss. If it is a success, the private developers will repay the money that they borrowed for the venture at a high interest rate to replenish the fund. No less an effort, and probably a far larger investment, will be needed if Japan's economy is to triple in size by 1980, as the government plans.



AERIAL VIEW OF IVORY COAST CAPITAL



Crocodilian cunning and high prosperity,

AFRICA

The Sages of Abidjan

Many of the 5,000,000 citizens of the Ivory Coast are devout animists who revere the crocodile as a sacred beast. So President Félix Houphouët-Boigny, himself a Roman Catholic, does little to quash the widespread belief that he keeps the palace pond well stocked with the respected reptiles and consults them regularly.

Western businessmen may laugh, but such crocodilian cunning has allowed Houphouët to weld 60 backward tribes into one of Black Africa's most prosperous countries—and its most striking anomaly. Tanzania, Guinea and other young nations are nationalizing foreign holdings, restricting foreign investment and turning to socialism for solutions to their development problems. Houphouët has entrusted the development of the Ivory Coast's economy to Western capitalists, most of them French. While some of his neighbors expelled their former colonial masters, Houphouët, 66, a onetime member of Charles de Gaulle's cabinet, retained them as honored guests.

A Lot of Coffee. Because it welcomes foreign capital, the Ivory Coast maintains an annual economic growth rate of 11%, the highest in Black Africa. Farm production has increased 8% in each of the past four years, making Houphouët's bustling republic the world's third largest producer of coffee and Africa's largest exporter of timber. Industrial investment is rising by 20% a year. Firms of the caliber of Renault, Esso and Union Carbide are pouring into the country to take advantage of liberal tax holidays and virtually unlimited repatriation of profits. Per capita income is expected to reach \$300 in 1971, which is steep for Africa.

In Abidjan, the country's handsome high-rise capital, real estate is bought within hours after it goes on the market. Black immigrants, who make up nearly a third of the Ivory Coast's pop-

ulation, flock to the city from other African countries to take jobs. There are 20,000 Frenchmen in the Ivory Coast today, six times as many as a decade ago. French President Georges Pompidou visited the city last month, took one look at the clover-leaved expressways, tree-shaded boulevards, sidewalk cafés and miniskirted girls—and pronounced the Ivory Coast "a model for all Africa."

Black Riviera. If a wise crocodile once whispered to Houphouët that the secret of prosperity is to encourage foreign investment, the sage should have specified that the price was foreign domination. Four-fifths of the country's 360 major businesses are French-owned; only two are entirely controlled by Ivorians. In addition, four-fifths of the top and middle-level jobs are held by foreigners, mostly French. The government is permeated with French technical advisers. Many of them are left over from colonial days, and some are suspected of helping French firms win trade contracts. Political opposition to Houphouët is almost nonexistent, but more and more unemployed university graduates have become bitter that the plush jobs usually go to Europeans.

To give his people a larger share of the wealth, Houphouët has started a program of "Ivorization." He has forbidden French doctors, lawyers and other professionals to open new practices. In the past three years he has trimmed French imports by a fifth (but they still account for 50% of all imports). The government urges company chiefs to put more blacks in high-level jobs and gives Ivorian businessmen easy loans to start new enterprises.

The most promising attempts at Ivorization are two giant development programs undertaken without French help. One is a \$105 million dam that will double the country's power capacity by 1976. When the French, who own all of the Ivory Coast's present power plants, opposed the scheme, Houphouët turned to the U.S. and Italy for financ-



BRA SELLERS IN OUTDOOR MARKET

but most plush jobs go to Europeans.

ing. The other project is a \$2 billion "African Riviera" development intended to make Abidjan the tourist capital of the continent. By 1980, the development is scheduled to have 15 hotels, four shopping centers, a 27-hole golf course, housing for 60,000 people of all income levels, and a zoo that will no doubt feature flotillas of crocodiles.

INVESTMENT

Horses v. Stocks

Whether a stock market professional is a bull or bear, there is one sure way to get his goat: imply that investing is comparable to gambling. Howard J. Samuels, who is setting up a string of legal horse-race wagering parlors for New York City, did just that last week. He disclosed that his Offtrack Betting Corp. planned to run ads headlined: IF YOU'RE IN THE STOCK MARKET, YOU MIGHT FIND THIS A BETTER BET.

The reaction was predictable. New York Stock Exchange Chairman Bernard J. Lasker stuffily protested, "on behalf of more than 31 million shareholders who own stock in America's publicly owned corporations," that the only similarity between buying stock and betting on the nags is that "both involve a decision on the use of disposable personal income." Samuels teasingly replied: "On behalf of the 48,972 horses that raced in this country in 1970, I am sure that some of the horses feel they have been a better investment in the past few years than some of the investments on the New York Stock Exchange."

Perhaps so, but a horse player could not truthfully agree. Because racetracks do not return all the money bet with them, but take out a sizable cut, the inveterate gambler's chances of long-term gain are almost nil—in sharp contrast to the stock investor. Since the 1929 crash, shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange have returned an average 9% a year in price appreciation and dividends.

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CINEMA

Unwed Father

A burned-out pop singer, Valeria Billi (Sophia Loren) has enough troubles for a group. One more cataclysm cannot matter—so she falls in love with a priest, Don Mario (Marcello Mastroianni). These are the '70s, and married priests are not unheard of. But this is also provincial Padua, and the residue of two millenniums bows the Father's shoulders. Should he yield to his passions or to tradition? In *The Priest's Wife* he accommodates both, thereby demonstrating that sin beloved by Italian film makers: hypocrisy within the cloth.

Doubtless, Director Dino Risi wished to reveal the two faces of the church as

Pillagers and Villagers

Max Beerbohm once concocted a curtain line for which there was no play: "I'm leaving for the Thirty Years' War!" Poor Max. He did not live to see his conceit turned to good use. His line could—and should—be attached to *The Last Valley* like a tin can tied to a jalopy.

Written, produced and directed by James Clavell, *The Last Valley* confuses that pestilential epoch (1618-1648) with insights circa 1970. Though the war is principally religious, the soldier known only as Captain (Michael Caine) is an existentialist atheist. God is a legend, he announces, ergo, "I am what I am . . . a killer beast."

Not quite. For behind his Brillo beard is not only a weak chin but a vague ethic. The killer beast refuses to let his mercenaries enjoy any of the village sports: rape, pillaging, torture. Instead, he insists on discipline and mollifies a local priest (Per Oscarsson), all because of the influence of a wandering intellectual (Omar Sharif). As for the atrocities of the period, they are conveyed in formal compositions that amount to decorations, not disasters. Plague-ridden corpses are artistically strewn on smooth fields; soldiers flash evil grins in cartoon style—one even ecstatically licks the blood off his knife. Clavell has doubtless been studying Pieter Bruegel the Elder; as the soldiers descend into the only unspoiled valley in Europe, the peasants disport themselves with picturesque energy. But always there is the obtrusive sense of the camera, always the feeling that every improvisatory step has been choreographed to death.

In attempting to articulate fatuities, the cast pulls out all the glottal stops. Caine shuttles between Anglo-Saxon, German and Cockney. Oscarsson, a Swede, is absurdly fanatic, with energy and witches to burn. Sharif, the first Near Eastern Westphalian, has, as yet, the wettest eyes in Christendom. Ever it is Clavell who bears prime responsibility for this drive-in *Mother Courage*. His battle scenes are stagy and confused; even his anachronistic editorials ("War is all I have") ring false. Clavell misunderstands the nature of historic evil, of political hysteria, and of war itself—Thirty Years' or any time, anywhere.

■ S.K.

Well-Worn Saddle

Howard Hawks' 43 previous films include *His Girl Friday*, *Scarface*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, *Red River*, *Rio Bravo* and half a dozen other examples of American film making at its best and most energetic. Hawks' 44th film, *Rio Lobo*, does not belong on that list. There are a few good scenes—an intricately executed train wreck, for example—but the movie is notably slack where it should be zestful. It is mostly

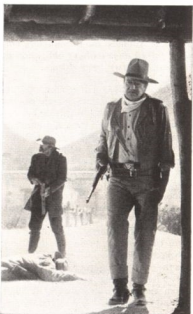
a replay of familiar fare: John Wayne flirts with the girls, keeps the hot-blooded younger fellers in their place, and finally goes up against the bad guys in the last reel.

As usual in Hawks pictures, Wayne remains the stoic straight man, the butt of some good-natured gags, who nevertheless comes through whenever it is time for gunplay. He seems as natural and right in his role as a well-worn saddle, even though he wears a Vietnamese montagnard bracelet and a Western belt buckle engraved with a D while he plays a character named Cord McNally in a film set at the end of the Civil War.

The rest of the Duke's duds have become as ritualized as a knight's regalia. His stetsons and handmade boots, his chino pants and leather vests, his in-



MASTROIANNI & LOREN
Variation on an obsession.



JOHN WAYNE, WINNING
Stoic in a yoked-front shirt.

well, but the sober editorial is out of keeping with the film's farcical style. The jests are painfully arch (see a prelate to a Vatican telephone operator: "I'd like to speak to St. Paul, Minnesota, that is"). But the jesters—ah, that is another story. It always is when Mastroianni and Loren combine.

On the church's home turf, *The Priest's Wife* is a minor variation on a national obsession: the clericalism that many adherents cannot take in a religion they do not want to leave. In the U.S., the film's taste may be suspect, its humor questionable. Its stars, however, remain the screen's greatest sex comedians. Sophia and Marcello have been through half a dozen films together, and perhaps it is unwise for them to attack what is vulnerable in revered institutions. They are becoming one themselves.

■ Stefan Kanfer

tricate, yoked-front shirts have been part of his standard wardrobe for years. He has been using the same gun belt for several decades, and the same chaps—a gift from an old western actor—for close to half a century. The "D" on the buckle stands for Dunsen, the Wayne character in *Red River*. A gift from Hawks, it carries his initials in one corner. Wayne also wears a red-white-and-blue kerchief given to him by John Ford when they made *Stagecoach*. "It's pretty worn now, but I usually manage to get it into every picture," he says.

The costume, much like Wayne's own character, varies only subtly from film to film. The Duke knows by instinct what audiences accept without question: whatever he may be called in the script, he is always unmistakably John Wayne. And who would have it any other way?

■ Jay Cockes

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Coming Through.



BOOKS

Brotherhood of Victims

BOUND TO VIOLENCE by Yambo Ouologuem. Translated by Ralph Manheim. 182 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.95.

*For animals and humans it is fate
Either to be victim or the bait.*

Nothing less savage—or less funny—than Anthony Hecht's couplet commentary on Aesop, the slave as moralist, should introduce this small masterpiece on man's ingenious cruelty to man. Yambo Ouologuem (pronounced Oo-o-lo-guem), born 30 years ago in the French Sudan, now the Republic of Mali, writes from the point of view of victim. But what a victim!

Too raging to be merely satirical, too exuberant to be tragic, his first novel (the first African novel to win one of France's top literary honors, the Prix Renaudot) begins as a sort of mock epic outlining in blood red the very real history of an imaginary African empire, Nakem.

Ouologuem manages his tableaux with a violent compression of energy, as if he were staging *Marat/Sade* played by the Keystone Kops. Over the centuries, in the name of Allah, in the name of Christ, in the name of the god of self-interest, "that precious raw material, the niggertrash" of Nakem is conquered, exploited, then "freed" by new conquerors—Arab, French, even, alas, black.

No scene is complete without its obligatory corpses: various Old Massas die from fire, asp and poison (stomach "exploding like an infernal machine"). Sensuality, in turn, has an almost murderous force. Always there are the users and the used. Slave caravans seem to



FORMER DEFENSE SECRETARY McNAMARA
No one analyzed the war.

march across the top of every page like an endless frieze.

Suddenly the cast of thousands disappears. The brilliant—and clearly well-researched—pageant of 7½ centuries of "galloping inhumanity" (1202 to 1947) drastically slows its tempo. African Everyman becomes specific—one Raymond-Spartacus Kassoumi of a Nakem that increasingly resembles Mali. Nakem's black rulers have already decided that only slaves will be exposed to corrupt French schooling. Raymond comes of a slave family. He studies hard and, as his reward, ends up in Paris receiving an elite—and not so elite—education. To Ouologuem, Kassoumi is the ultimate sophistication of slavery: the black man imprinted with a white soul. African history—and the novel—reaches a supremely ironic climax as Kassoumi, with his white wife, returns to become puppet leader of his emerging Third World nation. The slave disguised as master is a new breed of victim.

"After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" cried T.S. Eliot. At the conclusion of his bloody bloody chronicle Ouologuem does not presume to forgive either blacks or whites. But in the remarkable final chapter—having turned from historian to novelist—he turns from novelist to mystic. "Politics," he writes accusingly, "does not know the goal but forges a pretext of a goal." Negritude or colonialism, black power or white power—on these terms, history makes victims, if not slaves of us all. With a skepticism nearly as pure as faith, Ouologuem concludes: one ought to despair of men's ancient compulsion to rationalize tyranny and "believe one is right to despair. Love is nothing else." That is the way a victim can triumph, even as victim. It is the way Ouologuem at last turns his back on his past—without for a single moment turning his back on life.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Too Little McNamara?

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH? by Alain C. Enthoven and K. Wayne Smith. 364 pages. Harper & Row. \$8.95.

Critics like David Halberstam and former Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay have attacked him from left and right. Senators Proxmire and Fulbright have assaulted obvious flaws in the Pentagon he left behind. Adam Yarmolinsky has demonstrated the problems and agonies his former boss endured. Now come Alain Enthoven and Wayne Smith, far less ambitious and partisan, far more technically expert, too. *How Much Is Enough?* examines the Robert McNamara Pentagon from the authors' special perch in the Systems Analysis office—one of the former Defense Secretary's showpiece creations. With cool precision, Enthoven and Smith make a strong case for McNamara's approach to his job and present a convincing list of his considerable accomplishments. Perhaps without even intending to do so, they also show how McNamara sometimes failed in what seemed to be his area of greatest strength: running the Pentagon according to reason and research.

As head of Systems Analysis, Enthoven (Smith served as his aide) was charged with supplying much of the necessary objectivity. With two years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar and economics degrees from Stanford and M.I.T., plus a four-year Rand Corp. stint as background, Enthoven at age 30 became the prototype McNamara Whiz Kid when the new secretary began building S.A. into a powerful administrative tool. Its basic mission: to estimate the required quantity and performance of forces and weapons in relation to their mission and costs.

Enthoven and McNamara soon ran



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afoul of service leaders, whose basic idea was "more of everything." *How Much Is Enough?* offers new evidence, if any were needed, that the military bureaucracy must have strong civilian leadership to prevent waste and duplication, and that competing interests among and within the services tend to stifle innovation. Elements in the Navy, for instance, resisted the Polaris submarine project, fearing that it would divert resources from other Navy programs. In 1961, when imaginative Army thinkers devised the airmobile concept, they got a cool reception from their own superiors until McNamara's office offered encouragement. Only after the techniques of Systems Analysis established the real differences between American and Russian military capability in Europe was it possible to make a realistic comparison between the strength of NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations. Until then, the Army simply counted divisions one to one, ignoring U.S. superiority in firepower and support elements.

The search for comparative facts was often discouraging. They had great difficulty in determining the actual strength of the Tactical Air Command and other tactical air elements. Incredibly, it took from 1961 to 1966 for military and civilian planners to agree on how to take inventory at all.® Even now, the authors complain, the true cost of an infantry division is "not really known anywhere in the system."

While admitting that the famous F-111 TFX "has not been a success," the book offers a novel explanation: it was not a case of McNamara's forcing the military to accept his whim, but his failure to follow his own precepts closely enough. He simply allowed the Air Force and the Navy to hang more specific performance requirements on the F-111 than one aircraft could possibly deliver.

Pooh-Poohed Studies. A similar failure of analysis, on a much grander scale, occurred in Viet Nam. The essentially technical role of Enthoven's staff kept it out of the major decision making on the war. When Enthoven did offer informal studies, the Joint Chiefs of Staff pooh-poohed them. "No one," say the authors, "insisted on systematic efforts to understand, analyze or interpret the war." They do not blame McNamara explicitly. They note his desire to obtain more reliable information, and point out how difficult it was to get accurate data through the regular chain of command.

Without quite saying we told you so, Enthoven and Smith report that their office produced "pilot studies" debunking the body-count syndrome and showing how, even if the inflated figures were taken at face value, the enemy still had enough manpower to fight on for years.

* Originally, only aircraft officially assigned to combat units were counted, a method that ignored large, readily available reinforcements.

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WBWM Newsradio is the CBS station that serves the Chicago area. They ran a series entitled "Pollution in Chicago." It zeroed in on Chicago's ten major air and water polluters. Other community-spirited groups joined the outcry against the polluters. The result? Chicago's air is still dirty. But not as dirty as it was.

Whether the problem is air pollution or drugs, unemployment or crime, or simply the news of the day, the people of these seven cities can turn to a CBS owned radio station for help. In fact, we've won quite a few awards for our community service. But that doesn't mean we're going to rest on our laurels.

Because a laurel doesn't do you much good when what you really had in mind was a nice breath of fresh air.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WEEL Newsradio 59, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAU Radio 121, Philadelphia
WBWM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles

*Based on benzopyrene content of New York City air samples as measured by the Department of Air Resources.
Source of city ranking: New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac, 1971, based on National Center for Air Pollution Control report.

So much for the attrition strategy. Another study stressed the ineffectiveness of bombing North Viet Nam; Hanoi was able to replace its losses with less strain than Washington had expected. But this information was produced after the crucial policy had already been embarked upon.

McNamara, the great quantifier, the executive of enormous will and intellect, the eternal challenger of conventional military wisdom, in the end proved unable to apply his own techniques effectively to the greatest military enterprise he undertook. Why? Enthoven and Smith offer no satisfactory explanation. The reader is left with two depressing possibilities. McNamara may simply have been too human to resist the political inertia around him. Or his case may demonstrate that no one man seems able to master the entire technology of modern war and modern politics.

■ Laurence I. Baroff

Little Houses

THE FIRST FOUR YEARS by Laura Ingalls Wilder. 134 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

Some 40 years ago, an elderly lady sat down in a farmhouse on the edge of the Missouri Ozarks and wrote a book about her frontier childhood in the 1870s. Warm and straightforward, full of detail, *Little House in the Big Woods* was followed by seven more volumes—only slightly disguised as fiction—that carried the heroine, Laura Ingalls, to the point of marriage with Almanzo Wilder. Collectively and individually, all the books have become classics of children's literature. It is safe to say that they have given a notion of what pioneer life was like to far more



JACKET OF "LITTLE HOUSE"
Gathering up the hailstones.

Americans than ever heard of Frederick Jackson Turner.

Laura Ingalls Wilder died in 1957 at age 90. But she left behind the manuscript of yet another *Little House* book, or at least the extended draft for one. Written out like the others in longhand in orange-covered school notebooks, it was found among her papers. It tells what happened to Laura and Almanzo during their first four years of married life. To Wilder fans, its publication can be considered as an unexpected gift from the past.

No doubt part of the constantly increasing sales of the *Little House* series (more than 2,000,000 so far) is accounted for by grandmothers and indulgent aunts bearing gifts. The books are standard stock (along with E.B. White, *The Wizard of Oz* and Dr. Seuss) in virtually every U.S. bookstore with a children's section. The publisher, Harper & Row, reports receiving upwards of 3,000 fan letters a year (which they answer with a form letter originally prepared by Mrs. Wilder).

Writing about the olden days, Laura Wilder quickly snares all the incipient "how-to" book readers in her audience. A half dozen or so pages into *Little House in the Big Woods*, she is telling how Pa made a smokehouse out of a hollow tree to cure venison. She also describes cheese making, sod breaking, sugaring off, housebuilding (log, sod and frame), threshing, ice cutting and a hundred other practical matters. She offers assorted facts on such subjects as homestead law, horse breaking and how to manage a hoop skirt. The odd word may mystify (pieplant, claim shack, prove out, picket pin, beholden, boughten), but the prose is straightforward enough for Hemingway.

Nor is there any artificiality about the plotting. Plots, in fact, are so seasonally repetitive and events so frequently domestic a few readers, boys especially, find the books a drag. What drama there is comes from the constant onslaughts of nature. Beginning in the Wisconsin forests, Laura, her sisters and their parents trek west by wagon into Kansas (*Little House on*

the Prairie), then up to Minnesota (*On the Banks of Plum Creek*) and finally west again to South Dakota, beset along the way by grasshopper plagues, blizzards, rivers in spate and midsummer droughts that "cook the grains in the milk." Treated with a minimum of sentimentalizing (less and less in the later books, which are progressively directed toward slightly older readers), the Ingalls' frontier life comes through as an intermittently brutal testing process. Scarlet fever blinds Sister Mary; blackbirds eat the corn crop; the family is snowbound for months and nearly starves (*The Long Winter*).

Only a defensive and strongly knit family could have survived, and that is exactly what the Ingalls were. So were the Wilders after them. In the new book, Laura and her husband have to contend with Indians, debt, diphtheria, fire, and a hailstorm that leveled \$3,000 worth of wheat before it could be harvested. ("And now let's make some ice cream," Manly said. 'You stir it up, Laura, and I'll gather up hailstones for ice to freeze it.'")

Pleasures are small—a single heart-shaped mint or slice of canned peach, a good stand of slough grass or material for a dress, but they relieve the austerity and flower into happiness. Mrs. Wilder is also convincing when she celebrates the concept of family. It was the Ingalls' absolute faith in their ability to survive together—and only together—that kept them going. Listening to her father play *Auld Lang Syne* on his fiddle in the firelight of 1873, six-year-old Laura thinks about Ma and Pa and her sisters. "They could not be forgotten, because now is now. It can never be a long time ago." Now it is. But thanks to those orange-covered notebooks, it isn't.

■ Charles Elliott



LAURA & ALMANZO WILDER (CIRCA 1885)
Enough for Hemingway.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. QB VII, Uris (1 last week)
2. Love Story, Segal (2)
3. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (3)
4. Islands in the Stream, Hemingway (4)
5. Knots, Laing (9)
6. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (7)
7. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (5)
8. The Antagonists, Gann (6)
9. The Throne of Saturn, Drury
10. The Child from the Sea, Goudge (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
2. Civilization, Clark (2)
3. Future Shock, Toffler (3)
4. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (4)
5. Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman
6. The Rising Sun, Toland (5)
7. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (8)
8. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (6)
9. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (7)
10. The Sensuous Man, "M"



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